CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLVI. NO. 52. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1918. 5 CENTS A COPY.

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The Chicago Ledger
JAN 1
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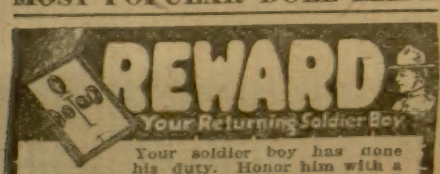

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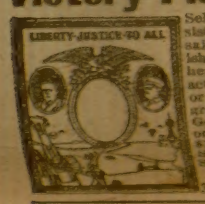

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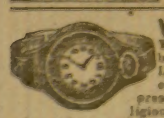

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When Destiny Plays a Hand

BY PHOEBE SHEFFIELD.

SOME people insist that marriages are made in heaven and some are inclined to doubt this assertion. We do not argue the point at all, but—well, this happened on a corner.

In the gathering dusk of the December afternoon Katherine Calvert, with never a backward glance, hurried up the avenue. Her heart was beating fast and her face, from the glimpse caught in a mirror in one of the brightly lighted windows, showed that her cheeks were still pink—dull red, to be exact.

"But whose face wouldn't flush and whose heart could go on beating regularly?" Katherine said to herself. "Only a wax image or—a lamp-post," she added viciously as she came up against the last-named article with sufficient force to cause her almost to lose her balance.

A hand on her arm steadied her, but one look at the owner of that hand set her cheeks flaming again. She tried hard to give the impression of hauteur and of stony indifference, but realized that she was failing dismally.

"I got on a passing bus and so caught up with you," the man explained his presence beside her. "You didn't want to see me, did you, Kathie?" he said quietly.

The use of the pet name was almost too much for Katherine, but she must be firm, must pull herself together and gain the upper hand, not stand there trembling like a schoolgirl. "I'll confess I did see you back there, Philip, but I think that my way is best. That summer was only a dream; it's over, and we've both forgotten——"

"We haven't forgotten," the man faced her angrily. "Do you call forgetting seeing your face in the flames at night as I sit reading in the ranchhouse, finding you before me as I ride toward the mountains, and hearing your voice in every brook and mountain stream I cross? And you haven't forgotten, either; you're made of too fine stuff. Surely, Kathie, you remember the long horseback rides together, those fishing trips and the cold evenings when we hugged the open fire, roasting chestnuts and popping corn, with Auntie Turnbull fast asleep in her armchair behind me. The scent of the pines must come to you every time you walk up this avenue. You were not born for the city; you were made for the West, with its wide open spaces. No, you haven't forgotten," he ended abruptly.

Katherine's brown eyes softened. Philip's words brought back so many things. But it wouldn't do; she must be firm.

"That's all very well to talk about, Philip, but that was two years ago in Wyoming and this is now in Chicago," she said flippantly. Perhaps if she could disgust him he would go away. "I have forgotten," she said decidedly.

"Then why did you run away when you saw me, and why are you trembling now?" Philip persisted.

"I'm not." Katherine was herself again. "I am sorry that we have met again, and it is useless to talk further. Things looked differently while I was in the West, but I find that what I wrote you a year ago is true now: I am a thoroughly city girl. Also I am engaged to be married."

"Yes, I know; I saw the announcement, and your picture and his, taken at Southampton. You surely picked a bad looker, Kath. Why didn't you select some real man if you insisted on being engaged?"

"But I didn't insist. It was mother. She said the Van Couters had money and——" Katherine began, to be stopped by Philip's laughter.

"You poor little girl. I knew you would tell me all about it if I could only see you. Let's forget you are engaged to this Van Couter fellow and pretend that you are married to me. We've just left the train at Cody, and Remsen is there with the sleigh, and Nick and Nack——"

"Oh, you've still got the bays?" Katherine interrupted breathlessly.

"Yes, I'm saving them for you," Philip stopped long enough to tell her. "We'll drive across the snow-covered plains until we see the lighted windows of the ranchhouse. And we'll find Auntie Turnbull at the door or—no, we won't, either; for, being married, we won't need a chaperon. We'll have wired Auntie to visit her sister in Billings until further notice." They both laughed happily, unconscious of the hurrying throngs passing by.

"And we'll go into the living-room at the ranchhouse and throw off our wraps, and there, before the roaring fire, we'll sit together in that big armchair and talk and talk, forever and ever——"

He was interrupted by a low sob from Katherine.

"But Philip, I can't. As the oldest girl, mother expects me to make a brilliant match, and—and—I'm afraid." The sobs came faster now and she moved nearer to Philip. He, however, was equal to the occasion, and shocking tho it was, he hugged her then and there.

"You have nothing to say about it," he said sternly. "I have the license and the ring—two rings, to be exact," and at Katherine's gasp of amazement: "Yes, I have made all preparations, even to a minister's service. My old friend Bob Rumble has promised to stay in his study close to the telephone until 8 o'clock. It's 7 now"—Philip looked at his watch—"and if we hurry——"

"But my clothes," Katherine protested.

"All that has been attended to. I have been talking to Marie over the telephone; it was she who told me you would leave the dentist's at 5:30 and gave me the opportunity to watch for you. She is to have the trunks packed and at the station by 9, and she is to follow us in a few days, so that you won't be deprived of a maid's services long. You can wire your mother after the train starts, and you can send a message to Freddie Van Couter."

"It would seem that there is nothing more to be said," Katherine laughed happily as she slipped her hand thru Philip's arm. "If you are very good to me, Philip, I shall tell you a secret. I never could have married Freddie, and if you had not come I think I would have run away and surprised you some night as you sat reading and seeing my face in the flames."

Which speech almost disrupted traffic on the avenue, for Philip forgot that he was on a corner. Instead, he thought that he was on the western plains, with no one to be shocked but coyotes and a few fussy prairie dogs. Fortunately, a taxicab came along at that moment, and he finished his remarks in the shelter of its friendly upholstery.

Those Who Are Expert Advisers

"OLD men are fond of handing out counsel and admonition," observed Pettigrew, "and they often make themselves ridiculous. This morning I heard old Staback telling a bunch of young men what they should do in order to prosper in this world. And Staback is in debt up to his collarbone. Sage advice of that sort ought to come from a man who has made a success of his career."

"Oh, I don't know," said Fishpaw. "The man who has made a failure of things can give a lot of pointers. He knows the bumps in the road. He knows what to avoid in order to arrive. He can look back over his career and size up the mistakes he made, whereas the successful man won't admit that he made any mistakes.

"I'm always advising young men not to contract the tobacco habit. There's no end to the good advice I can give them about the use of the weed. I tell them it injures the wind, weakens the lungs, leads to 'tobacco heart,' stunts the growth, makes mollycoddles out of men and is generally demoralizing and injurious. And sometimes, when I am waxing eloquent along this line, some smart aleck asks me why I use tobacco myself.

"I have been smoking for thirty years and it has made me the melancholy ruin you see, but at my time of life it's hardly worth while going thru the ordeal of quitting. It's one thing to quit a bad habit and another to contract it. One is desperately hard, and the other absurdly easy. I explain this to the smart aleck and point out that my advice should be doubly valuable because it comes from one who smokes all the time, except when eating or sleeping. Advice like mine, coming from one who had never used tobacco, wouldn't be worth 10 cents a bale.

"The other day I heard Peterdeck lecturing his son Absalom. This young man has fallen in love with Daisy Wintergreen, admitted to be the prettiest girl in town.

"The old man tried to pound some horse sense into Absalom's head. 'That Daisy girl,' said he, 'is as pretty as a red wagon, but she's so mashed on herself that she can't sleep, and she's impudent and lazy. What you want, my son, is an old-fashioned girl who can get up a rip-snorting meal and make your home a haven of rest, for you only earn $18 a week, and a man can't support a professional beauty on any such measly stipend.'

"It was good advice, you'll admit. I never heard better. Of course, it won't do any good, but we may respect the man who gave it, altho it is well known that he fell down when he married, drawing a woman who made his life seem like a whirl on a merry-go-round. However, he had gone over the marital hurdles and was qualified to give advice.

"I never follow advice myself, but if I wanted some I'd like to have it from one who has bumped the bumps."

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The Clever Blackmailers Had Their Victim Well Trapped, but for One Little Thing

Ad. AFTER BIGGER GAME

By William Hamilton Osborne

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CAPTAIN PHIL KING of the Essex Troop—Troop A—crossed the parade ground at Sea Girt and swung into the quarters of his Colonel.

"Bill," said Captain Phil King somberly, "I'm in a peck of trouble."

"Trouble?" grunted the Colonel. "Who isn't?" He indicated with a disgusted gesture a disheveled pile of papers on his desk. "I'm in trouble, too—watching my business drop into harmless disuse."

Young Phil King took a proffered cigar, but didn't light it. "True," he returned, "but yours is trouble with honor. Mine's the other kind!"

The gray-haired Colonel glanced at him keenly, his lighted match suspended in the air. "The other kind, King! What the devil do you mean?" He waved his hand toward the encampment. "Not—not this kind? Not—with Uncle Sam?"

Phil King shook his head. "Not yet," he returned, "not—yet."

"Sit down, Phil," directed Crater, Phil's commanding officer. "Now, let me have it straight. There's one thing—it's not money trouble, I'm dead sure of that, you young-legged Croesus."

Captain King smiled in spite of his mood. "Pot calling the kettle black," he laughed, "you've got young legs yourself—and as for money—good night, Bill," he added earnestly, "it's trouble that I thought money would get me out of. But it's getting me in worse. My trouble is a woman."

"Trouble with a woman," smiled the Colonel, "something new. The world's great war since the time of Eve—trouble with a woman."

"It doesn't hit you, Bill," said King grimly, "but it gets to me, all right. I may be making a mountain out of a molehill, but——"

Big Bill Crater leaped to his feet—he strode to King and clutched him firmly by the shoulders. "Phil, old man," he said, "get me right. Your troubles are my troubles. Tell me about it straight. I want to hear."

The young Captain drew a long breath. "I'm supposed to be engaged to her," he said, "her name's Adair."

The Colonel looked up sharply. "Not the little Adair girl—not Kathleen Adair? The girl with the skittish mount who drives down here sometimes?"

Captain Phil King nodded. "That's the girl," he said, "Kathleen—Kitty Adair. She's at Spring Lake down the beach—at the New Breakers. That's the girl."

Colonel Crater shook him by the hand. "Phil, old boy," he said, "she's a peach—a perfect peach. Once in a while," he mused, "old Jeremiah J. Satan plays tricks with an old married muff like me, Phil. Once in a while he sets before my old battered hulk of a mind and body some wonderful specimen of womankind that makes me get up on my hind legs and wish I wasn't married. He's got to pick good ones to make me feel that way. And that little Adair girl—heads the best of 'em. Give me two glasses of champagne, and I'd hand out to a girl like that everything but honor. My regards, old boy. She's a—she's a peach."

King nodded glumly. "Ah," he returned, "she is—and, besides that, they gave me two glasses of champagne——"

"Who did?"

"She did, I suppose. And her father—and her brother. And I'm in trouble, I tell you, trouble——"

The Colonel was beginning to think. "Godfrey," he said, staring at King, "what about Nora Chalmers back in Essex? Have you—have you broken off with her?"

Phil King sadly shook his head.

The Colonel raised his eyebrows. He tugged at his mustache. "It's best to be off with the auld shoon, you know," he said.

The young Captain clinched his hand. "I'll never be off with the old love," he exclaimed. "Nora's my girl. I tell you," he exclaimed fiercely, "I've been done. And I didn't do it, either. They did it. The Adair bunch—they did it. Two glasses of champagne can't affect my memory. I know what happened—and what didn't."

"Where," demanded the Colonel, worried, "is Nora Chalmers? She's not here?"

"I wish to God she had been—all the time," groaned Phil. "No. You know all about it. Chalmers, the judge—he's ill. She's with him, up in Maine. She's the dearest girl God ever made! Look here, Bill," he went on, fiercely, "I flirted with this Kathleen Adair—danced with her—she can dance, don't fret. I flirted with her—and she flirted back. And young Adair came to me about a scrape he's in. He couldn't tell the old man, and he couldn't tell her. And I lent him money. And——"

"And they knew you controlled a trust company in Essex," mused Crater. "Yes, yes, go on."

"I don't know what they knew," returned King. "I only know what happened and what didn't happen. There came a time when she stopped flirting with a dozen other men. One night I danced all her dances—all that we didn't sit out—on the beach. Then they gave a private little dinner in their suite—they've got a bully suite. I drank champagne—two glasses. And I know everything that happened. And they left us alone on a balcony—with the moon."

The Colonel picked up a sheaf of letter paper and fanned himself vigorously.

"You're in a Hole, Phil—and You've Got to Get Out."

"A situation to be handled by a Colonel—not a Captain," he chuckled.

"The next day," went on King, "I was treated like a member of the family. I couldn't understand. And the next evening the old man and the boy——"

"How old," queried the Colonel, "is the old man?"

"Oh, not so old," responded King, "fifty—maybe less."

"How young is the boy."

"Not so young—maybe older than the girl."

"Go on."

"Next evening the old man congratulated me as his prospective son-in-law. And I had never proposed to the girl. I'd never thought of it. I told him so. He was shocked at my denial. He said she'd already written to an old flame down South who wanted her—and broken off with him. On my account. And that night she talked to me about—about the ring."

"Splendid team work," murmured the Colonel.

"Besides," went on King, "she was deliriously happy—and she wanted her friends—all the friends she had, all over the country, to know that she was going to marry the Captain of Troop A——"

"Her brave soldier boy!"

"She was proud—she wanted headlines in the papers! Do you get it, Bill? And up there in Maine is the dearest girl in the world—my girl—with my ring on her finger."

"You told her?"

"I told Kitty Adair just what I'd told the old man. I hadn't proposed to her—expressly nor impliedly. I had never intended to propose to her. She went into hysterics. She was laid up for three days. During that time the old man came to me, almost with tears in his eyes. He needed money—needed it bad. And he was afraid the girl would die. He was all wrought up—excited. He admitted it. He didn't know which way to turn. He said there must have been some dreadful mistake on her part."

"He saw you alone?"

"Yes. And I handed him a check—I don't carry cash down here. And I told him for God's sake to be prudent—to calm down. Told him the girl would come to her senses and would realize there was nothing between us. And warned him not to play the fool—and not to send any announcement to the papers."

"You told him particularly why?"

Young Phil King struck himself in the jaw with his clinched hand. "So help me, I did," he confessed. "I told him I couldn't be engaged to his daughter, because I was going to be married to another girl—and going to be married before I went to France."

"Good Lord!" groaned Colonel Bill.

"Don't rub it in," cried King. "I see what I'm up against now. Before I didn't. Now I do. He sent for me—I declined to go. Kitty sent for me—I declined to go. I told the old man if he wanted me he could find me here. He found me here—today. He and his son. And they've put it squarely up to me. They heard me propose to the girl—heard it, do you understand? On my account she's thrown over a good chance she had to marry well. And her attack of hysteria—and her illness—do you know what they suggest? Do you know what these two men infer?"

"I can guess," grimly returned the Colonel, "and have they asked for further money?"

"No—not yet."

"And they've got two checks of yours—the one you gave the boy—the other the old man."

"They must have cashed them," interposed King.

"Cashed them nothing," cried the Colonel.

King jumped to his feet. "Of course they haven't cashed them—they've got them. Oh, I'm a fine young business man, I am. Why the devil wasn't I born old and wicked like some Colonels that I know?"

"Phil," returned the Colonel, "I'm afraid that if that little Kitty Adair had put her arms around my neck, I—well, there's no fool like an old fool. You're in a hole, Phil—and you've got to get out. You came to me——"

"What I really came for was to get a line on some secret service man who could help me out. I've got to act and I've got to do it now. I don't know what to do, and I don't believe you know what to do, either. Something's got to be done now."

The Colonel shook his head. "Catch a secret service man letting an Army man know he is a secret service man. I can't introduce you to any that I know. But let me tell you something—do you remember the Asbury Park fire? Well, my home company entertained certain suspicions about one thundering big loss in that fire. There's an old chap up at the Park named Greene—Isaiah Greene. We called Greene in—and asked him to do the impossible. By George, he did it. And it was a woman case, too. You go see Greene."

The Captain ordered out his machine and rode up to the Park. He found Isaiah Greene doing a real estate business on the top floor of the First National Bank Building—at least, that seemed to be his business. He listened to King's story with his eyes closed. When King had finished he woke up and made a note or two.

"Now, Captain," he said, "I don't know any more about this case than you do. But the chances are that old Adair is not her father. He's her paramour. The boy may be her brother, like enough. The whole bunch are a bad lot enough—that we can understand. But, here's the trouble—you got nothing on 'em. They've borrowed money, yes! But they've made no demands for money. They haven't blackmailed you yet."

"But they will," groaned King, "and if they don't, the girl is going to spread this affair broadcast—you can stake your bottom dollar on that fact."

Greene shook his head. "They won't scatter anything broadcast—yet. And they'll ask for money."

"And if I don't give it to 'em—or if we jug 'em asking for it," returned Captain King, "they'll tell their story to the world. Mr. Greene," he went on wildly, "you understand what this means to me. I want you to get this straight. I'm straight—and I'm a soldier and I'm going to war. And before I go to war I'm go-

ing to marry the finest girl that lives. And I'm going to war with her kisses on my lips. And I'm going to war with the hope of a child—hers and mine—I shall see that hope shining in her eyes. You understand? And I'm going to fight—and I'm going to be shot down. I'm going to do my bit. Can't you get it? And then, back here, at home—where she is—where I'm not—this slimy thing rises and drags us all down in the muck. Can't you see it—can't you feel it?"

Isaiah Greene blinked. "You've got money—an unnecessary question? Yes. Are you willing to waste—well, thousands?"

"Anything," cried King.

"Leave me," said Greene, "ten thousand dollars in a check. I'll see what I can do. And one thing more—don't come near me—don't let me hear from you—until I send for you."

"Suppose they ask for money in the meantime?"

"Give it to 'em," returned Greene, waving the question aside as involving a mere detail, "a limited amount—and only cash. Good day."

If you know the Jersey coast at all, you know Spring Lake. It constitutes the exclusive summer community along the Shore. The New Breakers harbors none save those who ride upon the crest of the financial wave. One day in the height of the summer season in 1917 Mr. Napoleon Snape put up at the New Breakers. The New Breakers did not know Mr. Napoleon Snape—and in fact, up to this point he had been wholly unacquainted with the New Breakers. He had been wintering in Atlanta, in a hotel of a vastly different type. He was, however, an old Jerseyman, and inasmuch as nobody had anything on him at the present time he felt much at ease. He was very natty, very dapper, and very well dressed—his shirts were dreams of texture and of pattern. His clothes were excessively well tailored. But he was there evidently for a purpose, and he wasted little time. He was not a detective, not a secret service operative—and yet he started in trailing Mr. Stephen J. Adair. He didn't know Mr. Adair—he had never seen him before. There was nothing hidden about his manner of trailing Mr. Adair. He made up his mind that he would attract the attention of Mr. Adair, and he succeeded in doing it with ease. Without the slightest hesitation he gave Mr. Adair his real name, and further confided to him his prison record. Mr. Adair smiled and said nothing.

"I notice," remarked Mr. Snape, "that you're saying nothing—and I want you to say nothing. I don't want any complicity in this thing—the less you talk the better."

"What thing?" queried Mr. Adair.

"I have bitten off more than I can chew," conceded Mr. Snape. "I need a woman—a real one, and I can't get her. Pshaw," he added suddenly, "you look up my record first."

Two days passed. He approached Mr. Adair again on the afternoon of the second day—on the beach at high tide.

"I've got a young chap coming on from Chicago," he remarked breezily, "a regular young fellow. His name's Armour."

"Uh, huh," grunted Mr. Adair, watching the waves.

"He's rich," went on Mr. Snape, "one of the Armours."

"I've heard of 'em," said Mr. Adair. He sniffed the sea air and yawned.

"Funny thing about my friendship for that young chap," continued Snape, writing his name in the wet sand with his slender cane. "Is that I don't know him and he don't know me."

Mr. Adair blinked. "Funny kind of friendship," he suggested.

"You've said it," proceeded Mr. Snape in even tones, "but nevertheless, I'm here to see that he enjoys himself. I know all about him. I'm here because he's coming."

Snape swung about and looked Mr. Adair straight in the eye. "Mr. Adair," he went on, impressively, "I think if I were you I would think twice before I associated with a man named Snape. Our acquaintance has been careful and casual. It had best cease. Good morning—is all right. But nothing more. But this young man Armour—remember, he's my game."

Stephen J. Adair stopped short and looked Mr. Snape sternly up and down.

"I don't understand you, Mr. Snape," he said sternly, "I bid you good day." He turned on his heel and walked away. Snape smiled. For in the flicker of an eyelid, he had understood that Mr. Adair had understood.

"You'll do, Adair," he called after him, as the latter stalked away. But Mr. Stephen J. Adair vouchsafed no sign.

Three days later young Armour of Chicago arrived. He came quietly enough, but to come quietly involves tremendous expense. To the novice his car would seem but to be an ordinary car. Only the expert saw that this small black equipage stood young Mr. Armour back $11,000. Most anybody could travel with a Japanese valet, but only a nabob could hire Sato, young Armour's valet supreme. He had engaged a room or so at the Breakers—five or so, in fact. But few people knew it. He slipped into the New Breakers and slipped out again, in the same dusty togs, and rode over to take a look at Sea Girt before dinner. But at the instant of his advent Mr. Napoleon Snape, standing at one end of the veranda, glanced for one instant at Mr. Stephen J. Adair, standing in the gravel road below.

"I need a woman," suggested Mr. Snape's glance, "but remember that this is my meat. I leave the rest to you."

A week later Miss Kathleen Adair, in riding togs, stole softly up behind this new arrival, and placed small, warm hands over his eyes.

"Guess," she exclaimed, in falsetto tones. Mr. Armour, who seemed to like the pressure and the warmth, stalled for a while.

"Mrs. William J. Bryan," he guessed. But it wasn't.

"Mrs. Clarence Mackay," he hazarded. But it wasn't. It happened to be none of these. It was Miss Adair. She was flushing with laughter—and she was very dainty and very chic, and very alluring.

"You were coming riding with me," she complained.

"Hell and blazes," sighed young Mr. Armour, holding one of her hands, "nobody knows it better than I. But this bunch of mail that my man Sato brought me—curse him. Something's got to be done about it. Here," he exclaimed, tossing the mass to her, "you take the job. I mean it," he went on, "here's an opener. You polish 'em off—and when you're thru we'll take a ride. And—

WHERE BUNDY HELD THE ROAD

Where Bundy held the Paris road,
The morning battle flamed and flowed,
"The Marne is passed; the line is bent!
Heaven speed our succor, heaven sent!"
And Europe gazed with eyes that glowed
Where Bundy held the Paris road.

The patient Frenchman counseled: "Wait!
The Hun but hurries to his fate.
It was but now the battle broke—
Tomorrow—and the counter-stroke!"
But pale the star of patience showed
Where Bundy held the Paris road.

Said Bundy to the High Command:
"None of our men would understand!
The Stars and Stripes are driven back?
Impossible! We shall attack!"
And forward line on line they strode
Where Bundy held the Paris road.

And when night brought the long day's end,
The dead that filled the river bend
Were German dead. And Europe knew!
And Freedom all her bugles blew.
And once more French the river flowed
Where Bundy held the Paris road.

er—" he glanced at her a bit shyly, "what about—last night?"

The girl averted her glance. She hung her head. The flush deepened. And then, from beneath long lashes, she glanced covertly at young Armour. He leaped to his feet and caught her.

"No, no," she cried, wrenching herself away, "this—this is not last night—it's not any night—please, please——"

A party of guests passed them. "Do you really mean?" queried the girl, after they were out of earshot, "that I'm to open all this mail—and read it."

"I demand it," said young Armour.

Out of the first letter that she opened there dropped a check for upwards of $50,000.

"Dividend," said Armour, carelessly, "and by gorry, how I need it! I'm down to hard pan—that's a fact. This braces me up. And tonight—it'll be another night."

"Not if I say no," faltered the girl. Under his gaze her glance faltered and dropped—conveniently, because she could read the Armour office letter that inclosed the check, and could take a mental photograph of the check itself. Both these things she did.

"For cat's sake, don't say no," exclaimed young Armour, "I never spent such a glorious evening in my life."

A man approached them—it was Stephen J. Adair. He passed the time of day with Armour, and then turned to the girl.

"Kit," he said, "I've done what we've been trying to do all summer long—I've got the Haddon bungalow down along the beach."

He glanced idly at the mail in the girl's lap, and frowned in disapproval. Hastily the girl thrust the check into its envelope, with its accompanying letter, and passed the mass of letters to young Armour. She rose and curtseyed—a somewhat difficult feat accomplished as it was in riding costume, but none the less bewildering. Armour watched her with glowing eyes.

"Mr. Armour," she exclaimed, "after tomorrow will you do us the favor to call upon us in our summer home?"

A few days later Captain Phil King called on old Isaiah Greene. The latter shook his head.

"I told you not to," he warned his client, "but I'll forgive you this once. I was going to send for you anyway. What have you heard?"

"Nothing," returned the Captain, "the deep silence worried me. I'm more afraid than ever."

"You needn't be," said Greene, "no news is good news. The longer they hold off the less they're likely to jump on you at all."

King was puzzled. "Look here," he finally blurted out, "I'm told she's taken up with another chap—a Westerner—Armour. Don't that let me out?"

"Not yet," warned Greene; "you're in just as much danger as you ever were. But I've heard the same as you."

"Is—is that your doing?" queried King.

Greene smiled sourly. "I decline to answer," he returned.

"Is—is this chap really rich?" asked King.

"Really rich," assented Greene, "and she's making up to him. He's bigger game—much bigger game, than you."

"Then he's getting into a hole," said King.

"Very much of a hole," smiled Greene; "you were engaged. Armour is married."

"Do—do they know it?"

"The sooner," returned Greene, "they find it out the better. It'll bring things to a focus."

"But," protested King, "Armour—his wife. He's in a trap. It isn't square to him."

Greene eyed his client sternly. "Mr.—er—Captain King," he said, "don't worry. I care nothing about the reputation of this chap Armour—he doesn't begin to be the man you are. I'm in this case to get you out of a very dangerous situation. I'm on pins and needles all the time—I can't sleep nights, even. There is a situation here that you can't understand. I don't know what's going to happen. But it's for me, not you, to do the worrying. And remember one thing, Captain King. This case is mine, not yours. Don't try to interfere."

Three weeks later, young Armour sauntered idly to his car, which stood waiting for him, flooded with the porch lights of the big hotel, and idly, jauntily stepped into the car.

"Sato," he commanded, "the bungalow."

The hour was not early. In fact it was close to midnight. The porches were deserted. Below, the guests were drinking nightcaps in the grill. Many cottages along the road were dark. The moon was full. Here and there couples dotted the beach. Sato swung his car at top speed down the road for three miles and turned a lane fringed with young pines. Well hidden along low undergrowth was the spacious bungalow known as the Haddon place. It was isolated—lonely.

The car drew up at its entrance and Armour alighted. He was ushered in, not by a servant—for none was visible—but by Kitty's aunt and chaperon, now one of the bungalow party, a Mrs. Landis of New York. As he entered, she averted her face, received his greeting silently, and coldly, and pointed toward the living-room. Armour entered and stepped back.

Three people were clustered in the living-room. Kitty Adair was there, her face hidden in her hands, her form shaken by a paroxysm of sobs.

She ran toward Armour, and clasped him hysterically about the neck, raising a tear stained and very lovely face to his.

"Dear," she cried, "I've had a terrible time. Take me away—take me anywhere."

Stephen J. Adair followed her. He wrenched her from Armour and faced the young man with blazing eyes.

"You scoundrel," he cried, "you—hell hound!"

Armour was startled. "What—what's it all about?" he demanded.

He appealed to young Adair, who only scowled and clinched his hands and muttered.

"Look at this girl," cried Adair, "look at her. Undone—ruined—by you. You! Taken advantage of under a promise of marriage. Ruined—my daughter. My God! Marry her—marry her tonight."

Young Armour looked about him. He glanced at the face of the chaperon—it was still averted. He glanced at Kitty Adair and her imploring arms. He glanced at young Adair and his clinched hands. Then he looked Stephen J. Adair in the eye.

"I told you, sir, two days ago, that I did not propose marriage to your daughter. I never proposed marriage to her. She knows that—unless she's crazy. Tonight's summons is more of a surprise. I never took advantage of your daughter. She knows that, too."

A wild shriek burst from the girl.

"You'll marry her tonight," cried her distracted father.

"I shall not marry her tonight," returned young Armour, coolly. "I'll never marry her. I—I can't."

The elder Adair jerked his head toward Mrs. Landis. "Take this girl to her room," he commanded. "Bob, you stay with me." He waited until the imploring young siren had left the room. He placed three chairs at the table.

"Sit down, Mr. Armour," he commanded.

Armour looked about him for an instant—he hesitated. Then he sat down.

"Armour," said the elder man, "do you absolutely refuse to marry this girl?"

"Absolutely," returned Armour, steadily.

"Then," went on the other, evenly, "I want your check for half a million dollars—and I want it paid."

"Not a dollar," cried Armour. He rose and rushed toward the door. In an instant they were after him. He took quick note that they had no firearms—if they were in the desk, they had no time to use them. If they were not, then their intent not to use them was quite clear. All this flashed thru Armour's mind in one instant. In the next he found that the door was locked. He dashed for a window. But they were upon him—the two men. Armour ducked once—and with one swift blow of his clinched hand, he dropped the elder Adair senseless to the floor. The other man grappled with him, but Armour twisted his arm behind his back and threw him bodily across the floor. By that time Sato, Armour's valet-chauffeur, was climbing thru the broken window.

"I won't need your help, Sato," panted Armour, "they were too easy. Let's go."

Back in the bungalow Stephen J. Adair revived, gnashing his teeth with rage. He made a dive for the open window.

"By God," he panted, "I'll get that hound." The younger man dragged him back.

"You let me be," gasped the elder man, "I'll get that guy and get him good."

The younger man held him forcibly down in his chair. "What's your idea," he asked calmly, notwithstanding a badly bruised face and a badly wrenched back and shoulder, "not going to spread this, are you?"

"Exactly what I'm going to do," cried the other man, "I'm going to spread it all I can."

"Keep your shirt on," warned the younger man, "you've got him. When he thinks it over he'll come across with the money that we want—and more."

"Not that guy," returned the other man. "He's going to fight—I can feel that in my bones. And what we'll do is to fight first and fight hard—and do it now, so help me."

"Exposure only knocks your game—then he won't come across."

The elder smiled an ugly smile. He jerked himself free from his younger ally, but sat down on a chair and lit a cigar.

"Listen—Jim," he said, "first impulses—they always play me best. And you can get this for yourself. I'm sore on this guy—you understand. Well, just because of that I want exposure—he knocked me, and I want to knock him. And exposure isn't going to knock our game—it'll strengthen it. I'm going one step further—and I'm going to strike one degree harder. I'm going to put the screws on. Did you hear Armour say that he couldn't marry her? Do you know why? Snape told me why. He's married—just got married this spring. Married—and he's ruined my home. Get that? Tonight—not tomorrow, but tonight, by George, before he gets away. I'll have him behind the bars——"

"Not," queried the younger man, "for

knocking out two huskies like us?"

"Hell, no," said the other, "I'll swear to a complaint that a married man'll have to cough up a million to squirm out of. I'm going up to town tonight, to charge him with a crime."

Armour was arrested and gave bail. He employed the best counsel in Monmouth County.

"Listen," said Armour, "I want to demand an examination—and I want it held just as soon as possible. I want to know how game they are."

An examination is an institution invented for the convenience of the accused. It is not a trial, altho it has something of the semblance of one. At an examination, witnesses are called and examined—usually only the witnesses for the State. The defense may call witnesses—usually it does not. The accused, in a serious case, may either demand an immediate examination, or waive examination and be held for the grand jury. If he wants to know what the prosecution has up its sleeve, he usually demands an examination—but it does not follow that the prosecution shows its entire hand. In the case of a felony—a high misdemeanor of the kind—the court on the testimony of one witness would hold the accused, provided the testimony of that one witness made out a prima facie case.

Armour's counsel demanded an examination and it was set for the following Monday at ten o'clock—Armour's heavy bail being continued. At ten o'clock on Monday, most of the feminine guests of the New Breakers—at least those who were not likely to be abashed—presented themselves as spectators. They were admitted to the courtroom. An assistant prosecutor was on hand.

Stephen J. Adair was on hand—he understood himself. "Don't worry," he said to his confreres, "so far there's nothing against us. We've never yet been caught. And here, we're well within our rights. They'll hold Armour for the grand jury—the case won't be reached till well on in the fall. Meantime his wife out West will—she certainly will—induce him to fork over a couple of millions—maybe more."

"And if he don't fork over?"

"If you think an Armour's going to risk a term of from five to fifteen years, you're dead mistaken, boy," said Stephen J.

Kathleen Adair was called and took the stand. She testified, amid much hysteria and tears, that Armour had made violent love to her, that they had become engaged, that he had been accepted by her family as her fiance—and then that he had taken gross advantage of the situation. Armour's counsel listened to her spellbound.

"A jury'd hang you on the first word out of her mouth," he whispered to his client. His client nodded—winked. His counsel pushed back his chair and tilted it on two legs—examining counsels don't rise in the New Jersey courts.

"Ah, Miss Adair," he said, adopting a line of examination that is opposed to all the rules for cross-examining counsel—for this line was sure to strengthen and not to weaken the State's case, "will you tell us exactly what he said, and exactly what you said when young Armour proposed to you?"

She told it—falteringly enough. But it was clear and conclusive. "And now," went on the counsel, "the particulars—the exact details—of that other—er—night."

More tears and more hysteria. But she made out a case—the elements were all at hand.

"That's all," said Armour's lawyer.

The assistant prosecutor nodded to Kathleen Adair. She took her seat next her father—her face buried in her handkerchief.

"That's all I offer," said the assistant prosecutor.

The court looked at Armour's counsel. "It's enough to hold your man for the grand jury," said the court.

"Corroboration," suggested Armour's lawyer.

"For this purpose," said the court, "it isn't needed. They'll need it before the grand jury, probably, and certainly on the trial before the petit jury—but not now."

"Then," said Armour's counsel, "I'll call Stephen J. Adair."

He called him, thereby, naturally, thrusting his head into a noose. For Stephen J. Adair, since he had to take the witness stand, drove home his daughter's story. He had heard the proposal of marriage—had stumbled on the couple accidentally and couldn't get out of the room. He had come upon the couple—they had been left alone in the house on that fatal night—and he and his son and Mrs. Landis had surprised them. It was very painful testimony, but he gave it—it was his duty as a father. There were details about the story that were convincing to the limit—this father, determined and vengeful, tore aside all modesties—he called a spade a spade. What he saw he saw—and gave a name to it. The assistant prosecutor slumped down into his chair, snickering at his rival. But his rival was unmoved.

"I want Mrs. Landis," he said.

She followed—so did the younger Adair. With the greatest particularity, Armour's counsel carefully and painstakingly wove the hemp about his client's neck. The case was damning.

Some private soldiers off duty were in court, and once they started toward Armour with threats upon their lips—with black thunder in their eyes. They were quelled.

"Wait till we get him outside after court," they whispered to each other.

Armour's lawyer rose—he was tired of

He Dropped the Elder Adair Senseless to the Floor. The Other Man Grappled With Him, but Armour Twisted His Arm Behind His Back.

sitting. He yawned. "I'll call Armour," he said.

The judge stared at him.

"This gets you nowhere, counselor," he said. "I've got to hold your man, no matter how strenuously he denies these stories."

"I have the right to put him on the stand," smiled counsel.

"Go on," conceded the court.

"Is Leslie Armour your right name?" queried the lawyer.

"It is," returned the witness.

"Are you married?"

"I was married last spring."

"Are you related to the well known family of Armours in Chicago?"

"I am not."

Stephen J. Adair turned toward the rear of the courtroom. Mr. Napoleon Snape was an interested spectator. Mr. Adair stared at Mr. Snape. Mr. Snape stared at the witness.

"Own any stock in the Armour concern?"

"No."

"Ever get any dividends from them?"

"No."

"Got any money?"

"Yes—some."

"How much?"

The witness calculated. "I—oh, I suppose I'm worth a hundred thousand dollars in my own right."

Stephen J. Adair clicked his teeth. "We'll have that at any rate," he said to himself, "or we'll put this son of a sea cook behind the bars for fifteen years."

"What's your business?" queried counsel.

"I started out;" returned the witness, "some few years ago, as a secret service operative. I got my first few jobs from a man in Asbury Park—I don't want to tell his name."

"Any cases you can mention?"

"Yes—I ran down a federal offender of the name of Peter Sims. On my testimony he went to Atlanta for five years. He's since reformed—in fact, he's in this room."

There was a sensation. The witness looked at Captain Phil King, who occupied a rear seat, and smiled. Everybody looked at Captain Phil King and wondered.

"It is not Captain King," smiled Armour.

"Any other business?" queried counsel.

"Yes—moving picture actor—for the last three years."

"Any specialty?"

"Stunts," returned the witness, "also boxing, wrestling—jiu jitsu. I am very strong, or was until I had typhoid fever in the early part of the year. I'm getting back my strength," the witness went on, smiling at Stephen J. Adair; "like Samson, I lost it for a time."

"Like Samson?"

"Yes—my hair came out. Now it's growing in. But I gave up stunts during the summer until I've rested up."

Counsel turned his back upon the witness. "There are eight officers in this room," he cried out, sternly, "and a number of Army men in uniform. I want those doors closed. I want every man here to see that no one escapes." He turned back to the court.

"After this witness," he explained, "I shall call a surgeon. Then I shall be thru."

"A surgeon?" queried the court.

Counsel glanced at Adair's party.

"A woman surgeon," he remarked.

"To—to examine Miss Adair?" queried the court.

Either counsel did not hear the question or he chose not to answer it. He swung back to the witness.

"You have heard the testimony of these four people with relation to this alleged crime—and this alleged promise of marriage. Do you recall the details of the testimony—what was said about you?"

'I do," returned the witness in a low voice.

"Is their testimony true or false?" thundered counsel, with his eye upon the prosecutor.

"False," returned the witness, rising, "it did not happen—it could not have happened—it was impossible——"

"Impossible," echoed her counsel, "explain."

The witness smiled. "My real name is Armour, but I am not playing now, and I promised to help my old employer out in a delicate matter that he had on hand."

'Why impossible?" exclaimed the judge impatiently. "Answer the question."

"Impossible," returned the witness, "because I am Leslie Love, the Vito Star. I am a woman—not a man."

"Mr. Prosecutor," cried her counsel, "I call upon you to hold for the grand jury the four witnesses who testified for you—they are guilty of rank perjury. Don't let them get away."

Six weeks later, at the head of his troop, Captain Phil King started for the front. He yielded to her father the form of the only girl he had ever loved—or ever would love in life. Her kisses were upon his lips. In his glance there was the certainty that he would nevermore return. In her eyes was the surety that he would. And in the eyes of both there shone a hope—a glorious hope—divine.

He pressed into his bride's hand a small sealed envelope.

"Open it—then," he said, "and not till then."

Then—months later, she opened it. And this is what she read:

"Please call our little baby Leslie—the name fits either way. A pal named Leslie did a favor for me once—a favor that involves us all. God bless you and good-by."

* * *

An Indifferent Visitor.

"NOW, don't put yourself out none on my account," said Aunt Serelda Bean, as she untied her bonnet strings after arriving without previous warning at the home of Aunt Jane Joy.

"You know me well enough, Jane, to know that when I go a-visitin' it ain't for what I git to eat. If you just stir up one o' your 'lection cakes, an' make one o' your raisin pies an' a pan o' your cream-tartar biskits, an' fry a chicken, an' have a little cramberry sarce with it, an' mebbe a glass o' your grape or current jell an' a little o' your watermelon preserve, an' then make a pot o' coffee an' put on a few doughnuts, I'll git along all right without another thing, unless you'd like to bake some o' your Greening apples. They go ruther good with roast chicken. I'm thankful I ain't one o' the kind that visits only for what they git to eat. Older I grow the less I care for what's set before me when I go visitin'. How did your pickalil come out you told me you was goin' to make? I dono but I'd like a leetle mite at dinner, to see if the reseet worked as well with you as it did with me."

* * *

Wrong Classification.

SETH LOW, former president of the Columbia University, relates an amusing incident that came into his experience while motoring thru New England last summer. His car came to an old-time toll-gate and was held by the gatekeeper. While the latter was making change for a dollar, two obviously spinster ladies came along in a rickety trap.

"How much is the toll?" asked one of the elderly persons, glowering at the gateman.

"Twenty-five cents for a man and a horse," said the latter.

"Get out of the way, then, we're two women and a mare," shrilled the spinster who held the reins. "Get up, Gladys," and she gave the bony horse a sharp lash on the back and disappeared in a cloud of dust.

The Romance of a Tight Young Man

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

By T. L. Sappington

A combination of peculiar circumstances and a beautiful woman play important roles in separating Updyke Brown, tightwad de luxe, from some coin of the realm.

MY NAME is Brown—Updyke Brown. I must say the Updyke part has been a bitter disappointment, because Uncle Updyke, for whom I was named and who was supposed not to overlook the fact when he came to pass away, played me a scurvy trick by marrying all of a sudden and leaving his widow everything he possessed. Therefore it became necessary for me to woo fortune as best I might, so I became an expert accountant. And as I now draw three thousand a year and have yet to celebrate my thirtieth birthday, I think I have done pretty well, especially as I live on less than a thousand and put away the balance.

Now in my opinion some minds take as naturally to mathematics as a cat to cream, and I think my case is a very good illustration, for I can amuse myself by the hour computing how much a dollar compounded would amount to when I reach the age of 70. And I hope you understand what I am driving at better than Ben Lindley did, for he simply roared with laughter when, during a lull at the office, I happened to touch on the subject.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "You're not a man. You're a cash register!"

"Is that so," I retorted. "Well, if I am a cash register I have no recollection of ringing up the receipt of that five dollars you've owed me for six months or more."

And while that settled him, of course, it also served to disturb my digestion for the rest of the day, for how I ever came to lend Ben Lindley five dollars, I simply cannot understand. I never lend money to anybody. I consider that a bank's business. If it was the business of an expert accountant, I would do it, but it is not.

"When are you going to pay me?" I added, after a moment.

Ben shook his head solemnly. "Lord knows," he announced.

"Maybe He does," said I bitterly, "but I don't, and I'd like a little light on the subject. There is accrued interest on that item now of 15 cents."

"Aw, forget the interest, at least," he snarled, stamping out of the room.

Now I'll leave it to any one, if that is not always the way. Lend money to a chap and he gets mad if you ask for it! But you mustn't get mad, oh, no!

Well, of course, just as I expected, Ben wasn't very cordial for the next few days, and then, one morning, he turned up with a worried expression on his face, and, after a bit, sidled over to my desk and asked if I would take luncheon with him. At first I thought he was going to try to borrow again, but realizing the next instant that unless I lost my sanity he could not possibly obtain the loan even tho he did try, and that I would be in the price of a luncheon at least, I accepted. And an hour later we sat at a corner table in Schultz's rathskellar.

"Will you have beer?" asked Ben.

I assented, tho I really did not want it at all. Beer makes me dizzy and stings my tongue, but if he had suggested laudanum, I would have taken it. Anything to swell the check and get what I could of that fiver. Perhaps he sensed what was in my mind for as the waiter set down our steins he cleared his throat and said:

"Brown, I'll settle that account of mine with you right off and double the amount if you'll do me a favor."

I stared. "A favor? Why should I do you a favor to get what is owing me?"

"Oh yes, I know," said Ben, impatiently, "but I need your help, I really do. And I'll pay you ten for the five I borrowed to make it worth your while."

"Principle and interest will do me," I replied, stiffly.

He scowled. "All right, you'll get it if you do the favor I ask."

"And if I don't?" I suggested.

"Then you won't get a d—n cent. Not if I lose my job for it."

"Huh!" I began. Then paused as the platter luncheon was placed before us.

"You needn't think I don't mean what I say," went on Ben, watching me demolish the beef and vegetables—usually I lunch on crackers and milk, and the change was most acceptable—"because I do. But I will add this: I'll make it twenty dollars instead of ten. What do you say?"

"Aren't you going to eat your beef?" I inquired, "because if you're not, I can——"

"Never you mind about my beef. Will you help me out for twenty dollars?"

"Help you out?" I asked. "What do you mean? I'd do some things for twenty dollars, and some things I wouldn't. And besides it wouldn't really be twenty dollars—only fifteen—five already belongs to me."

"Well, twenty-five, then," said Ben.

Now with me business is business whether it is transacted in the office or out, and provided, of course, it is perfectly legal. And as twenty dollars was about a third of my weekly wage, I decided that the offer merited investigation, so I asked for further particulars.

"Ahem!" said Ben, clearing his throat and still ignoring his food, "it's this way. Some months ago I met a dame——"

"A what?"

"A dame—a girl—a—a—a pippin, you know. Jolly good fun and all that. Theaters, suppers, flowers—everything quite harmless, of course. But when a girl commences to ask about meeting your folks—well—it's time to say good night."

"Quite so," I responded, removing the last vestige of nourishment from my plate with a morsel of bread.

"Fine little girl—at first, anyhow. No prettier in the movies. But of course I thought she understood there was nothing serious in it."

"Serious?" I said, wondering at his lack of appetite.

"Well, you know what I mean. Will you be mine—wedding bells and such stuff. Some fellows might but——"

"I beg your pardon," I put in, "but your beef will be cold in a minute and it seems a shame——"

"Oh, take it—take it!" exclaimed Ben, shoving the plate across. "And now where was I?"

"Well," said I, rather disgusted to find that the beef was cold, "you were talking about wedding bells, so I presume you were thinking of marrying her."

"I was not," he bawled. "You haven't been listening. Marry, well I guess not. Not on two thousand a year—not me. Why, she'd starve, if I didn't."

"But," I queried, "what do you want me to do?"

Ben looked at me, and as he gazed a sickly grin spread over his face. "She's an awful nice girl," he went on, "and if you once met her you'd agree with me. Of course, you're a little chap and sort of dried up for your age, but you've got a thousand a year more than I have, and you've wads saved up besides, and I think she'd fall for that. Don't you—don't you think it's time you settled down?"

For a moment I did not take in what he was after, and then all at once the dreadful truth dawned upon me. This—this scoundrel was trying to induce me to marry a girl he did not want to marry himself.

"What—what—" I gurgled, starting to my feet—"why—why. Where's my hat?"

"Oh, come now," said Ben, pushing me down in my seat, "don't get excited. Nobody is going to make you do it."

"I should think not," I retorted. "And I think your idea of a favor is a queer one." Once more I started to go.

"Hold on," said Ben, "sit down a moment, we're going to have dessert."

And you can gather how disturbed I was when I let him order ice cream despite the beer that had gone before, and despite the fact that I might easily have chosen a more expensive finish to my repast.

"I figured it this way," he explained, as the waiter brought the check and the cigars. "I had two propositions to make to you. I've made one——"

"Yes," I interrupted, "and you needn't make it again."

"I'm not going to," he replied. "I can tell when a person doesn't like a thing, can't I?"

"I hope so," I retorted.

"I hope so, too. So here is the other proposition. You go see this girl——"

"No, by heavens, no," I declared.

"Why not?" he asked. "You're not afraid of a girl, are you? It can't do you any harm to go see her, can it?"

"I'm not so sure of that," I responded. "Look where you are."

"Oh, that's different," said Ben. "I—I—I made a fool of myself. All I want you to do is to talk to her in a fatherly sort of a way. Tell her I'm your brother-in-law and that learning by chance of my damnable conduct and wishing to spare your sister—my wife—the pangs of anguish she would undoubtedly suffer if she knew of my perfidy, you decided to call and try to fix things up."

"Huh!" I said, "and how am I going to fix 'em up, I'd like to know?"

"Well," said Ben, "I'll give you a hundred dollars in small bills. You needn't offer all of it at first—just let her think she is raising your bid—and then finally give in and hand her the roll if it is necessary. See?"

"Yes," I said, "but a hundred dollars won't support her very long."

"Support, nothing," yelled Ben. "I'm not going to support her. She supports herself. She's got a fine job as a manicure at the Vandervent Hotel. She'll just use the wad as pin money until she finds some one else to coo to."

"In—deed! And suppose she decides to coo to me?"

"Don't fret about that," he replied. "Maisie Phillips only coos to gentlemen with money protruding from their pockets. And I've never noticed that about you."

Well, the upshot of the matter was that after a heated argument I got Ben Lindley to increase his remuneration to me from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars, and then I agreed to see Miss Maisie Phillips on his behalf, which call I made the following Saturday evening after several false starts.

Now, I am no ladies' man. Not from any inherent timidity or lack of aplomb, as the French say, but simply because I consider the young women of today creatures of extravagance and disciples of waste. There was a time when, if a chap had tickets given him for an illustrated lecture in the auditorium of the Free Library and invited a female friend to go along, that he might feel sure of an acceptance. But now—well, I tried it three times and since then have trod my way in solitude. So I knew pretty well what to expect of Miss Maisie Phillips when I stood outside the door of her apartment, but just the same I had high hopes of gratifying the desires of the lady with much less than the hundred dollars entrusted to me, in which case I felt, from a purely business standpoint, that I was entitled to whatever financial embers I snatched from the fire, tho Ben might not agree with me if he found out about it. But then I did not intend that he should find out. So I rapped on the panels before me and wished myself the best of luck.

Almost instantly a most agreeable voice bade me enter, and I stood face to face with the problem I was to grapple with. And let me say the problem had its attraction, for Miss Phillips was all Ben Lindley had described her—a pippin, and a prize one at that.

I bowed. "Good evening, Miss Phillips. My name is Brown—Updyke Brown. My brother-in-law, Benjamin Lindley, asked me to call—or rather, I insisted upon calling when I found out what the scoundrel had been up to. And I hope after I explain matters, that you will agree to let bygones be bygones."

Having gotten off this speech I sat down, and the girl, looking rather bewildered, sat down also.

"I hope you follow me," I said.

"Well," she responded, "it depends on how far you go."

"Not any further than the fifty-dollar mark," I thought, "if I can help it." Then giving my mustache a twirl and shooting my cuffs forward a trifle, I resumed my narrative.

"My brother-in-law," I explained, "is a—er—ah—a rather susceptible fellow, I fear. This is not the first flirtation he has indulged in, but I trust it is the last, for altho his wife, my sister, still remains in ignorance of his escapades, one cannot hope for such good fortune always, you know."

"I should say not," remarked the young lady.

"And so," I went on, "as long as I have been able to nip the romance in the bud so far as Mr. Lindley is concerned, I have no doubt you will be only too glad to nip it also so far as you are concerned, and thus spare Mrs. Lindley and the children. Perhaps I did not mention the children before?"

"No, you did not," said Miss Phillips. "How many?"

"Three," I responded, "awfully cunning little things. And they simply idolize their father."

"You don't say," she remarked.

"Yes," I continued, "and it is as much for their sakes as anything else that I am here to ask you to let Mr. Lindley pass out of your life. May I hope for the best?"

"You may," replied the young woman. "You can certainly count on me, Mr. Brown. So far as I am concerned your misguided relative, and his wife and family, can gather 'round the evening lamp without any fear of my breaking in."

"Do you mean it?" I cried, almost doubting my senses, for if such were the case I was in not only fifty, but every delightful cent of the hundred dollars Ben had given me.

"Of course I mean it," said Miss Phillips, dimpling, "why should I care about Mr. Lindley? I never met him and I can't say that I even want to."

Well, sir, you could have knocked me down with a feather. As it was I dropped my hat and stick and came mighty near toppling after them so great was the shock the information gave me. "Great Scott," I thought, "I'm in the wrong apartment." And no sooner had the idea registered in my brain than I grabbed my things and started for the door, but before I could efface myself the young lady was at my side.

"My, my," she exclaimed with a laugh, "but you are in a hurry. Do wait a moment. Maybe I can clear things up."

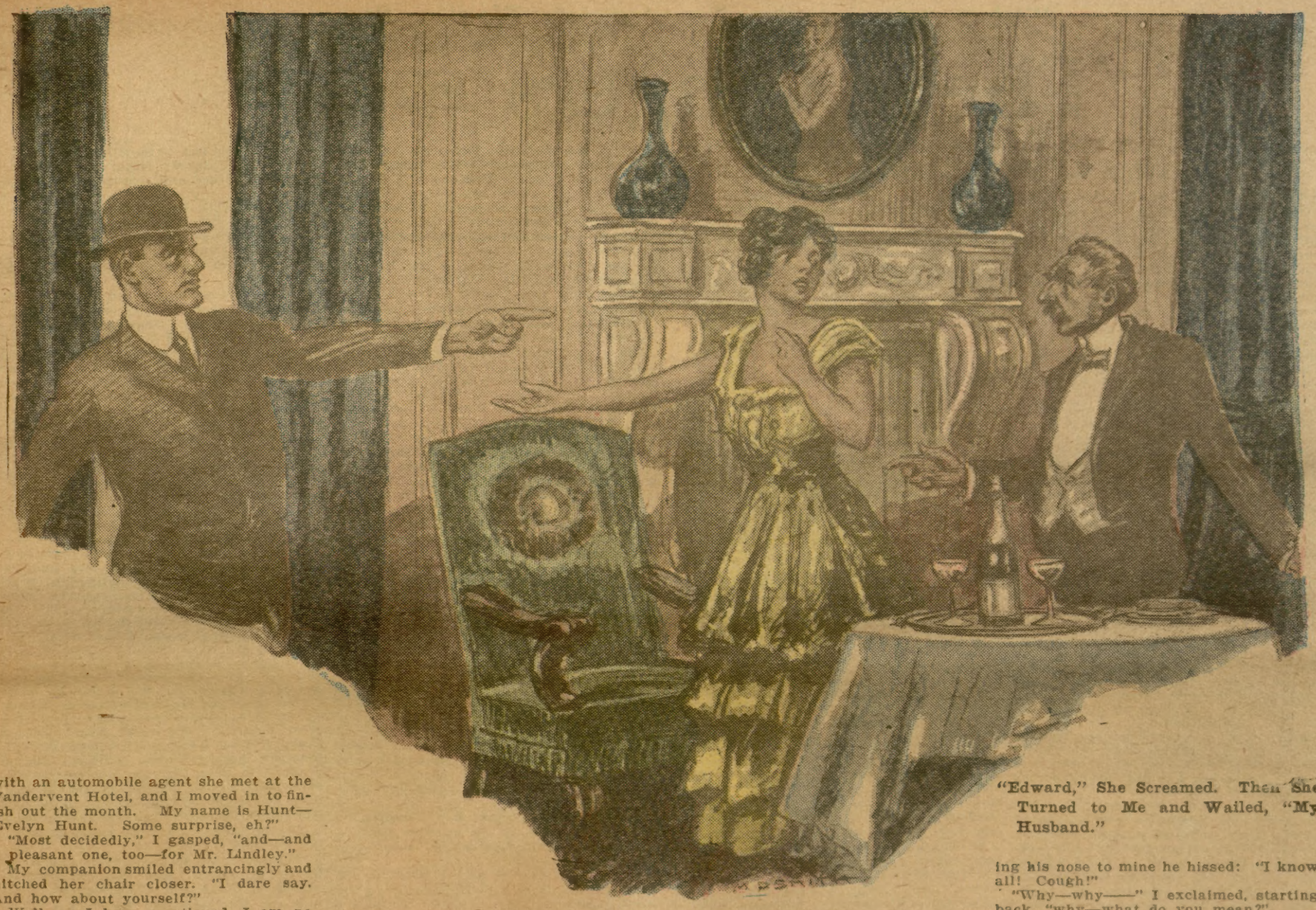
Then she took my hat and stick and led me back to my seat.

"Now," she said, "let's finish our little chat."

"I—I—I thought it was finished," I stammered. "The elevator boy certainly told me these were Miss Phillips' rooms, but I suppose——"

"They are," responded the girl, "or at least they were until night before last, when my friend, Miss Phillips, eloped

This—This Scoundrel Was Trying to Induce Me to Marry a Girl He Did Not Want Himself.



"Edward," She Screamed. Then She Turned to Me and Wailed, "My Husband."

with an automobile agent she met at the Vandervent Hotel, and I moved in to finish out the month. My name is Hunt—Evelyn Hunt. Some surprise, eh?"

"Most decidedly," I gasped, "and—and a pleasant one, too—for Mr. Lindley."

My companion smiled entrancingly and hitched her chair closer. "I dare say. And how about yourself?"

Well, as I have mentioned, I am no ladies' man, but merely because the women I have met seemed to take care more for the material side of a chap than anything else, and not because I lack in social poise. So when she hitched her chair toward mine, I hitched toward hers. And when I left Miss Evelyn Hunt an hour later, she knew more about my affairs than I had ever intended telling her. And had I been an artist I could have limned a portrait of her from memory that would have been a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Also Miss Hunt had my promise to call again very, very soon.

Monday morning I arrived at the office unusually early, but despite that fact, Ben Lindley was there before me.

"Did you see her?" he asked. "Did you fix things up?"

I nodded.

"You did? Was she sore?"

"Not in the least."

Ben scowled. "She wasn't? Aw, they're all alike. They never suffer long when you put on a cash poultice. Did she salt me for the whole hundred?"

"Every cent," I said firmly, "and if I hadn't given you and your wife three children to add pathos to the scene, it might have been worse."

"Three children," exploded Ben. "Did you say I had three children? Suffering Peter! No wonder she wasn't mad. She thinks she's had a lucky escape."

That night the firm sent Ben to Chicago on a special audit, and a day or two afterwards I remembered my promise to Miss Hunt. This time I did not go empty handed, but carried under my arm a box of confections. I felt I could afford the extravagance on the strength of the money I had not had to pay out. And I must say I was glad I had followed my generous impulse when I saw how pleased Evelyn was with my offering.

"Oh, you are a dear," she exclaimed. "I just love candy."

She was in evening dress—nothing over her shoulders except a gauzy sort of scarf, and that kept falling off in the most exciting manner.

Well, we talked and we talked. And then she went to her piano and sang for me. And after that we turned out all but one electric light and sat on the sofa and talked some more, she without her scarf and I with powder all over my coat. By gracious, but it was some evening. She even pinched my cheek when I said good night. And when she did that I lost my head, and invited her to go to the theater the following Tuesday.

It is hard to describe the days that followed. I can say this tho, if any one had told me that I would ever squander on a woman what I lavished on Evelyn, I would have laughed him to scorn. Somehow, I just let myself go. And then came the night when it rained, and we took a taxi at the restaurant. That night, despite the fact that her head rested on my shoulder and that my arm was about her waist, I got to calculating and suddenly discovered with a feeling of cold horror that I had actually gotten rid of forty-five dollars in all.

"My God!" I gasped, and half sprang to my feet, thereby crushing my silk hat against the roof of the cab.

"What in the world is the matter?" asked Evelyn, adjusting her hair and looking rather annoyed.

I coughed. "Oh—oh—nothing! I—I—I just happened to remember something I'd forgotten."

How could I tell her? After all forty-five dollars was but a fraction of the sum given me for Miss Phillips, so I was really nothing actually out of pocket, but nevertheless I determined to slow up and suggest cozy evenings in the flat instead of seeking entertainment abroad as heretofore.

When we reached the flat I would have gone on, but she insisted that I come in for a glass of something and a biscuit, and tho I dislike wine as much as beer, I rather felt I needed a stimulant of some sort, so consented.

Gloomily I slouched in my chair while she filled my glass, and gloomily I consumed the beverage. It required more than wine to banish the memory of my indiscretion, or at least it required more than one glass, so I let her give me another and another. And then I discovered that cares are only fleeting things after all, and reaching out I took her in my arms just as the door opened, and in walked a gentleman who could have put Goliath to shame.

"Ha!" he exclaimed. "So!"

That was all he said, but it was enough.

With a shriek Evelyn leaped to her feet. "Edward!" she screamed. Then she turned to me and wailed, "My husband!"

I didn't know whether she intended it for a warning or an introduction, being rather befuddled, so I arose and bowed anyhow. And that seemed to enrage the intruder, for he struck me in the chest with the back of his hand and I collapsed into my seat with a crash. When I finally began to breathe again, Evelyn had disappeared and the new arrival stood looming over me.

"Well," he said, "did you have a pleasant evening with my wife?"

"Your—your—what?" I gasped.

"Wife," he repeated, loudly. "W-i-f-e—wife. Didn't you hear her say I was her husband? Don't you know what a wife is?"

"Why—why—of course," I stammered. "But you don't mean to say Evelyn is your wife?" I will admit my voice rose to a sort of a squawk at the last word, but that was no reason for the fellow laughing so. The situation called for no mirth that I could see.

"That's the ticket," he said. "Get the idea at last, do you? Well, you've been helping yourself to my belongings, now I'm going to help myself to yours."

And with that he seized me by the collar, dragged me across the room to a desk in the corner and made me write out a promise to pay one thousand dollars the following day on demand. One thousand dollars, mind you! Had it been a million, I could not have suffered more.

"Of course," he went on, "I'm a gentleman, not a blackmailer, and if you prefer to take a thrashing, you can have it, but you've got to pay one way or another. I'll not permit any shrimp like you to poach on my preserves and get away with it free. Understand?"

I did. And I also saw that a thrashing from him would damage me much more than a thousand dollars worth, so I decided on mental instead of physical torture.

Promptly the following day Evelyn's husband called to collect and I paid up. The transaction took place in the corridor outside the office.

"I want you to believe," I said, as I watched him tuck the bills in his pocket, "that under no circumstances would I have paid my addresses to Evelyn—er—your wife, had I guessed she was your wife. I don't go in for that sort of thing."

"I believe you," he responded.

"And another thing," I added, "please don't be too hard on Evelyn. She was to blame, of course, but it flatters a woman to have a man's attentions, and—and—well, a woman is only a woman, you know."

He laughed. "Bless your heart! You're a funny little thing! But don't you worry about Evelyn—it's a waste of time. You see, she gets just half this roll. Good morning!"

All that day I sat at my desk presumably checking up an insurance report, but in reality trying to accustom myself to the gaping rent in my bank account. Anyhow, I told myself, it was not quite as bad as it seemed. I still had fifty-five of the hundred left, to say nothing of the thirty-five paid me for services rendered. And, in addition, I had the memory of a very good time paid for by the forty-five spent in Evelyn's company.

So when Ben Lindley got in from Chicago the next day I managed to present a much more cheerful aspect than I had anticipated. But if I was cheerful Ben was not. Tossing his bag into a corner he took me by the sleeve and led me into the wash room.

Then protruding his chin and thrusting his nose to mine he hissed: "I know all! Cough!"

"Why—why——" I exclaimed, starting back, "why—what do you mean?"

"You know what I mean," he snarled, "and if you don't, listen. Who do you think I ran across in Chicago? Maisie Phillips!"

"Indeed," I said.

"Yes, indeed," mimicked Ben, with a sneer. "And I asked her how she liked you."

"Oh, did you?" I murmured, feebly.

"Yes, I did," he retorted, gritting his teeth, "and do you know what she said? What do you think she said, eh?"

"I—I—I can't imagine," I stammered.

"Oh, you can't. Well, she said she didn't know whether she liked you or not because she'd never seen you. Get me? She'd never seen you! She ran off and got married two days before you called. Get me?"

"Yes," I said, "I get you. And—and of course you want your hundred dollars."

"I do," bawled Ben. "I want my hundred, and I want that thirty-five, too, or I'll knock your head off."

And as I live to tell it, I gave it to him—one hundred and thirty-five dollars—and did not remember for an hour afterward that five dollars and fifteen cents of it belonged to me.

"What's that?" he growled, when I called his attention to the matter. "Well, you forget it! D'ye hear, forget it!"

But I never shall. For if I had never loaned Ben Lindley that five dollars I should now be one thousand and seventy-five dollars richer than I am. And when I contemplate what one thousand and seventy-five dollars would amount to at compound interest on my seventieth birthday, the thought makes me ill.

No, I shall never forget, tho sometimes I wish I could.

* * *

Sick of Kaiserism.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT said at a banquet in Waterbury:

"The Germans, before long, will be heartily sick of Kaiserism. If you could take a census of the German opinion of Kaiserism even today, I guess it would be like the editor's census of matrimony.

"An editor, thinking to please his lady readers, sent out postcards to the married men of the town with the query —'Why did you marry?'

"The answers he got were of the following description:

"'That's what I've been trying for twenty-three years to find out.—Job.'

"'I wanted a companion of the opposite sex. She's opposite, all right.—Henry Peck.'

"'Her father thought eight years' courting was about long enough.—Paterfamilas.'

"'This is the question all my friends keep asking me.—Patient Sufferer.'

"'Please don't stir me up.—Father of Eleven.'"

Fifth Installment of a Tremendously Thrilling Story

The Avengers

By Headon Hill

What the Story Is About.

MARION FERMOR, an heiress, determines to release her fiance, Nigel Lukyn, from an insane asylum, believing him sane. For this purpose, thru Detective Quayne, she hires Leslie Armytage, his double, to take Lukyn's place. Armytage falls in love with Marion. While on his way to the asylum he is shot at. Then, when he is at the asylum, he discovers that Lukyn is really insane and means harm to Marion. The Knights of Industry have sworn to kill Nigel Lukyn. They mistake Armytage for him. So does Marion, and when he meets her to tell her about Nigel's insanity, she will not listen, and they make plans for their marriage. Armytage does his best to throw the assassins off his trail. Marion and Armytage marry and start on their honeymoon. He is in danger of having her discover who he really is, and tho on the verge of confessing, cannot find the courage to do so. Their first evening at Eyot Cottage is marred by the appearance of the assassins and a mysterious young woman who comes to Armytage under the belief that he is Lukyn. She accuses him of treachery, but discovers her mistake and goes. Marion, angry at first, forgives Leslie. Berthe Roumier, in the guise of a nun, visits Marion's yacht to find out the destination of the honeymooners, and attempts to leave an infernal machine on board, but is foiled by Badger. Marion becomes suspicious of Crispin, her maid, and has Badger watch the girl. A letter intended for Crispin finds its way into Marion's hands. She decides to take Crispin's place in making a visit to a mysterious house in Exmouth.

The story began in No. 48, the Ledger, dated Nov. 30. Back copies may be obtained from this office or from newsdealers and our agents.

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CHAPTER XX.

CROSS PURPOSES.

AFTER lunch Marion informed Leslie that she had a few purchases to make in the town, and that she proposed to take the motor-launch and go ashore for an hour or two.

"It would do me good to stretch my legs, too," replied Leslie.

Marion cast a glance at the vacant bridge, and then indulged in the wifely trick, dating back four days only, but already becoming a habit, of squeezing her husband's arm.

"I think it would be safer and wiser not, dear," she said when she was satisfied that there were no possible listeners. "Our misled American pursuers are probably in a French train on their way to Gibraltar, but one never knows. I should feel happier if you remained on board."

"But if there is the slightest chance of these Yankees cropping up, you mustn't think of going ashore yourself," said Leslie.

"At any rate there isn't the slightest chance of their doing me any harm," was Marion's reply. The evasiveness of it was lost upon Leslie at the time. "They have no grudge against me," she added, "and the fact remains—you will make me miserable if you insist on coming, and you will make me more than happy if you stay and do the civil to Aunt Jane while I buy a few things. Now, be a good boy, won't you?"

What was he to do but to yield—this husband-lover of a few-days-old honeymoon? After all, what she had said was perfectly true—that whoever was the object of the Americans' vengeance it could not be herself. Besides, in his ignorance of Crispin's proven untrustworthiness, he shared his wife's professed view that the persistent trio were by this time flying across the continent of Europe on a false scent. There could be no danger to himself, and still less to her on shore; but as she made such a point of it he consented to remain on board.

So it was that Marion descended to her stateroom and was arrayed for the expedition by the sullen and furtively-curious Crispin. The maid was at her wits' end for an excuse for asking to accompany her, but she could frame none that seemed adequate. She was consumed with a desire to learn if Badger had given the letter to Marion, but the latter's manner afforded no clew. There was nothing to show that Crispin's valued situation was in danger. Her mistress treated her just as usual, except that she seemed somewhat preoccupied.

Marion, also, was consumed with an overwhelming desire, which, however, was easier of realization. It was neither more nor less than to confront as speedily as possible the deadly three who, she feared, intended to dog their steps till they had succeeded in robbing her of her husband. That the letter she had procured by Badger's assistance contained their address, and an order to their spy to meet them there, she had little doubt.

The motor-launch in charge of the second officer bore her swiftly to the landing-stage.

"You had better not wait for me, Mr. Saunders," she said. "I may be a little time among the shops. Come back in an hour to fetch me."

She watched the tiny craft wheel from the steps and cleave the smooth waters toward the yacht, at which she waved her hand in the hope that her husband would see. Then she turned away and inquired of the nearest longshore loafer the way to Holroyd street.

The thorofare in question proved to be at no great distance—one of several rows of third-rate lodging houses hidden inconspicuously behind the more fashionable streets and crescents. Number 47 was in no way distinguishable from the drab mediocrity of the other precisely similar houses on either side of the road. She touched the cheap electric bell-push.

A tawdry young woman, evidently the daughter of the house, appeared after some delay and eyed her with considerable disfavor.

"You have a lady from London staying here, I think?" she said tentatively. Instinct told her that such a pre-eminently "proper" person as her treacherous maid would not go to meet the male conspirators alone. Crispin might be avaricious, ambitious and double-faced, but she was of the smug order that respects the outward proprieties.

"Yes, there's a lady here—Mrs. Molyneux," replied the janitor. "She's got a gentleman visitor with her, but if you'll send in your name I'll ask if she'll see you. I know she's expecting some one."

"Miss Ruby Lennox," said Marion promptly, giving the name on the envelope of the letter which Badger had captured from Crispin.

The untidy young person vanished into the house, but returned immediately with an invitation to enter.

Marion followed down a narrow passage to the back of the house, where her conductress opened a door on the left, announced her by Crispin's pseudonym and departed, leaving her in the presence of Berthe Roumier and Scorrier Voules. The well-schooled features of the pair evinced none of the surprise they must have felt at the entrance of the mistress instead of the maid, but a scarcely perceptible signal flashed from Bertha Roumier's fine eyes. At its bidding Voules, without any fuss or show of intention, lounged across the room to a position whence he could put himself between Marion and the door.

She was too intent on her purpose to perceive that her retreat was threatened.

"So you see it is not Miss Ruby Lennox, or rather my maid Crispin," she began with a nervous laugh to cover her eagerness. "I have come, quite in a friendly way, to point out to you a very great mistake that you are making—one that I am sure you would greatly regret if you carried it too far."

"Won't you sit down?" murmured Berthe Roumier sweetly, placing the chair so as to increase her colleague's strategic advantage.

Marion sat down without hesitation. No thought as to her own security crossed her mind. "Of course I do not ask you, or expect you, to make one single admission," she went on. "There is no need that I should, for whatever you are engaged on is no business of mine. It is to prove that to you that I have come. You know that I am Mrs. Leslie Armytage, whose yacht, the Idalia, arrived here from Southampton last night?"

Berthe Roumier smiled and shrugged her neat shoulders. "Surely to own to such knowledge would be to make an admission," she said slyly.

"So it would. How stupid of me. I really was not trying to trap you," Marion stammered, flushing at her obvious but quite unintentional "leading question." "What I want to tell you in all confidence is the history of my marriage, which took place a few days ago. Some time last spring I became engaged to a Mr. Nigel Lukyn, the son of Lady Lukyn, of Lukyn Hall. He was almost immediately afterward shut up in a lunatic asylum by his mother. I at once set to work to liberate him by finding a man so exactly like him that, without boring you with details, he could take Nigel's place in the asylum. The man I found was Leslie Armytage—an ex-army officer, whom I ought not to grumble at, as he served me well, but whom I have since had reason to suspect of bearing an indifferent character."

Marion paused and sighed unconsciously as she thought of her misplaced liking for the man with whom it had been a pleasure to plan Nigel's freedom.

"Well, Mrs. Armytage?" Berthe Roumier reminded her, with a gentle emphasis on the name, that she had broken off at the crucial point of the narrative.

The young wife nerved herself for the final confession which she fondly hoped was to protect her husband from the further attentions of these people. "There is not much more to tell," she said. "I should have thought that you would have guessed it from what I hinted about Armytage's usefulness to me. My husband is really not Leslie Armytage at all. He remains in the asylum, personating the man he so resembles. The gentleman to whom I was married, and who is with me on the yacht, is one to whom I was from first to last engaged—Nigel Lukyn."

She stopped, breathless, as tho she expected her hearers to exclaim in their astonishment. Instead of that another telegraphic signal flashed from Berthe Roumier to Scorrier Voules, who abandoned his strategic position and left the room. Berthe, who had been lolling in a low chair by the fire, rose and stood negligently leaning against the mantelshelf.

"It is no admission to express interest in such a story," she said looking down at her visitor. "Nor must you take it as an admission if I am so deeply interested as to inquire what your object is in imparting it to us. You seem to have omitted that important point—possibly thru inadvertence."

Marion glanced at her doubtfully. There seemed to be an undercurrent of mockery in Mademoiselle Roumier's pompous phrasing.

"That, if there is any reason in my having sought you out, ought to be pretty obvious," she replied firmly. "I want the misconceived persecution of my husband to cease. I do not say that I want it transferred to the real Leslie Armytage, for I should be sorry for any one to undergo what we have at your—I mean at the hands of those who have mistaken the one for the other. Besides, perhaps there has been another mistake, and the real Leslie Armytage is not the person against whom this terrible grudge is held."

Berthe Roumier laughed, and to Marion, tho there seemed to be a cruel ring in the laughter, there was relief in the sound. She persuaded herself that that sinister intonation was meant for her casual attempt at white-washing "the real Leslie Armytage," to whom her revelation would bode no good. She wished that she could invoke the aid of the law against these callous murderers, who were hounding down an unfortunate enemy for some past folly, or it might be crime. But that she could not do without prematurely publishing to the world the fact that the dearly loved one, waiting for her on the yacht yonder, was a certified lunatic in the eye of the law, liable to be haled back to the asylum.

"You have created a very curious situation," said Berthe Roumier presently. "Before giving you any definite assurance on it I should like to consult my friend, if you do not mind waiting. I will not keep you long."

"I will wait, by all means," replied Marion, tho she could not understand why the assurance was not given to her there and then.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN SUSPENSE.

BERTHE ROUMIER passed out and entered the front parlor of the dingy lodging-house. Scorrier Voules, who was its sole occupant, greeted her with a stifled explosion of mirth, in which Berthe joined heartily.

"Was there ever such an innocent—to walk straight into the lion's den with a confirmation of the theory we have never doubted and have been steadily acting on," she exclaimed.

"It is too funny," Voules agreed with a renewed chuckle. "Lukyn has evidently been humbugging her that Armytage, the 'double,' ought to be the recipient of our unpleasant attentions, and she comes to us with the laudable idea of shifting them into that quarter. If we had had any lingering doubt as to which of the two she had married, she would have effectually removed it by her charming candor."

"The question is how to utilize the position," said Berthe thoughtfully. "It is full of infinite possibilities. We can do pretty nearly anything we like with her, because she is bound hand and foot from telling her yarn to the police. If she did, the first thing the authorities would do would be to drag Mr. Nigel Lukyn from her fond embrace and restore him to the asylum."

"How would it be to suggest that she should send for her husband to come here and corroborate her story, and then——?" Voules indicated his meaning with a gesture significant of a dagger-thrust.

"My dear Scorrier, you ought to know Nigel Lukyn from his record better than that," said Berthe. "The last thing the cur would do would be to obey such a summons into our presence—even at the instance of a four-days'-wed bride. He is a considerably scared man, you can bet, after that dose of gas he must have swallowed at Eyot Cottage the other night. But there is an alternative on the same lines, which we can use as a last resort."

"And that is?"

"A little gentle pressure on the lady," replied Berthe. "We might force her to write such a letter to him as would lull his suspicions and bring him here without any notion that he would meet us. My opinion is that the anxious wife has paid us this visit without his knowledge. I should only be inclined to that course, however, if Fayter returns with a report of another failure. This is hardly the place or the house I should select for a final coup of that sort."

"There are only the old landlady and her daughter in the house," he suggested.

"True. You and Fayter could doubtless do the trick, but we should be hard put to it to get clear afterwards, unless we made a clean sweep of the lot," replied Berthe. "We want Nigel Lukyn badly, but we don't want a holocaust of innocent lodging-house women. No, I propose to keep Mrs. Armytage, as she calls herself, till Fayter comes in and then be guided by his report. If he has succeeded in converting the Idalia into a floating mine we needn't worry further, and can let the lady go."

"Frayne won't be back for a couple of hours at least," said Voules after a glance at his watch. "He would not be able to approach the yacht till after dark, and it is only four now. It may not be so easy to keep her if she insists on going, for I presume that force is out of the bill."

Berthe Roumier's face hardened. "I hope so," she said. "But we must use it if it is necessary. Come, Scorrier, we have left her too long. I will try and pass the time pleasantly for her till Fayter returns, and if she is not amenable, she must have the other thing. A woman who could mate with a man like Nigel Lukyn deserves no mercy, and I should wish her to know just why we are pressing her so hard. You play up to my lead."

They returned to the room at the back, where Marion had risen and was impatiently pacing to and fro. The delay in giving her an assurance that the persecution would cease was minute by minute growing more unintelligible to her. Of course she did not expect any compromising admission, but if there was any compassion in these Americans they would surely be able to convey to her that they intended no harm to a stranger who had done them no injury, and whom they had confounded with another.

She advanced upon them with a look of keen inquiry, which, however, met with no response. Voules, after holding the door for his companion to pass in, shut it and remained near it in a manner that began to inspire Marion with vague uneasiness.

"Won't you sit down again?" said Berthe Roumier. "It will take a little time to verify matters satisfactorily."

"But why? I cannot see that you have any reason to doubt my word," Marion retorted angrily. "Still, if you insist that there is need for verification, as you call it, I will go out into the town and return later."

"We must ask you to remain with us till we have come to a decision," said Berthe Roumier, in a tone that there was no mistaking. It seemed too ridiculous in this frowsy apartment-house in a popular sea-side resort, but Marion recognized that she was a prisoner. The woman's manner, and the attitude of the tall, round-shouldered figure hovering near the door, convinced her that any further attempt to leave would be forcibly frustrated. Choking down an impulse to scream for help, which could only end in the whole circumstances of her marriage becoming public property, she decided on diplomacy, and sat down.

"As you are so very pressing," she said, forcing a smile, and wondering at the subtle influence which this girlish person and her languid male colleague began to exercise over her. The personalities of both were attractive rather than otherwise, yet for the first time in her life she knew what fear was—the kind of fear of the unseen and unknown

that sets knees shaking and hands trembling.

Berthe Roumier diagnosed her mental symptoms with the skill that had caused her selection for a four-thousand-mile journey, and sat down opposite her visitor.

"I should like to tell you a little story, Mrs. Lukyn—I beg your pardon, you prefer to be called Mrs. Armytage for the present," she began. "It is quite as interesting as the one you have told my friend and me, and has a relative bearing on your own narrative. But," added Berthe, with a cold laugh, "if you care to hear it, I shall tell it 'without prejudice,' as the lawyers say, and as no admission, you understand?"

"I accept your reservation, tho I had hoped that I had convinced you that you had no interest in me, or I in anything that may be interesting you," replied Marion coldly.

Berthe Roumier acknowledged the repudiation of linked concerns with a bow that might mean anything from polite assent to satirical skepticism.

"There was a well-born Englishman," she began, "who two years ago arrived in America with the laudable object of earning the livelihood which his own country had apparently denied to him. To speak more correctly, as he was possessed of some means, it was more than a livelihood—it was a fortune—that he was after, and as a fortune-hunter he was a dead failure in a land where people have to hustle to get dollars. In six months his capital was gone, and he had no means of raising more.

"Being in receipt of an allowance from home, he was not absolutely penniless, but as he was addicted to several expensive vices, he looked around for a method of increasing his income. In my country there are many secret organizations of manual toilers pledged to counteract the tyranny of capital, and one of the most strenuous of these was making its power felt among the financial magnates. What does our English gentleman do but affiliate himself with the obnoxious society in order to betray its secrets to its capitalist enemies?

"He furnished the great combinations with lists of the most active workers in the cause of labor; he divulged the plan of the society; in spite of his vows of allegiance, taken on purpose to be broken, he played the part of a traitor systematically, and with such diabolical cunning that for a long time he went unsuspected. But the society has long arms and ears, and his career was cut short just after it had reached its climax in a piece of arrant scoundrelism almost too heartless and cruel for belief.

"One of the most vigorous chiefs in this particular labor society was, in his working hours, an employe of a mighty trust controlling one of the world's greatest industries. The man was considered dangerous by the capitalists, but they dared not ruin him by discharge, for fear of retaliation on the part of the society. They devised a shorter and cheaper way of drawing his honest teeth by trumping up a criminal charge of embezzlement against him, and for the purpose of substantiating it they suborned as a false witness the treacherous Englishman who had already furnished his name and revealed his activity. The labor leader was convicted and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, and his wife and children were thrown on the charity of friends.

"The traitor, heavily paid for his services, was working up cases against other members of the society, when he learned that those whom he was betraying had got wind of his doings, and he fled to England the day before his death was decreed by the inner council of the organization, strictly in accordance with its laws—laws to which he had himself subscribed and helped to administer. He may have thought that he was safe when he was clear of American soil, but therein he fell into grievous error. The society does not so lightly loose grip of its enemies or abandon its decrees. Delegates were dispatched to follow him to this country, and tho they were at fault at first, they are on the right track at last, and will show no mercy—make no more mistakes."

Berthe Roumier concluded in the melodramatic key she had purposely struck, but Marion was not visibly impressed by it. In fact, her one paramount sensation was one of thankfulness that her husband could not possibly have been guilty of the vile conduct that had provoked the lawless vengeance of the Knights of Industry. It was a matter of surprise to her that "the real Leslie Armytage," as her remembrance of him went, could have acted in the base manner so graphically described.

"Your story, tho, not an admission, is intended as a justification, I suppose," she said. "I am quite willing to take it without prejudice, for I am really not concerned with it, except so far as it affects a man I paid to do me a certain service. I had hoped that I had already convinced you of that."

Berthe rose and rang the bell. "Bring some tea, please," she said to the untidy daughter of the house, who appeared after an awkward pause.

True to her decision to ignore as long as possible the intention to detain her against her will, Marion accepted a cup of tea when it came, and even allowed herself to listen with some show of amusement to Mr. Scorrier Voules' dissertations on the short-comings of London hotels from the American point of view. For, by common consent, the conversation was diverted to general topics. After half an hour of this, Marion began to forget that she was in the company of two determined emissaries from a powerful society delegated to take a deadly vengeance, till she realized that their airy trifling covered a desire to kill time. Then there began to steal over her again the feeling of fear that had seized her before Berthe Roumier's story. Why should they want to keep her in this dirty back room, first harrowing her with details with which she and her husband had nothing to do, and now talking common-places with the volubility of obstructive members of Parliament?

The end to her suspense came at last in the sudden bursting into the room of the fierce-eyed little man whom she had first seen at Weybridge Station, and

Suddenly He Stiffened as His Eyes Pierced the Gloom, and He Uttered an Inarticulate Cry of Astonishment.

whom Quayne had held to be the author of the shooting outrage at Pinecroft. Usually well-groomed in frock coat and silk hat, he now wore a blue serge suit and a cloth cap.

"Success!" he cried in his guttural voice. "I got close in the darkness and fixed it to rights. It's a sure——"

But in obedience to Berthe Roumier's uplifted hand and angry glance, directing his astonished gaze to Marion, he came to an abrupt stop.

"Go into the front room," commanded Berthe hurriedly. "And you," she added to Voules, "stay here and entertain our guest, to whom in a few minutes now we shall probably have to say adieu."

With which she followed Fayter Frayne out of the room.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FACE IN THE MOONLIGHT.

"HOW in thunder did she come to be here, and what does it mean?" growled Frayne, as soon as Berthe joined him in the front parlor of the lodging-house. "It means that the good work I've put in has gone for nothing, eh?"

Berthe was in high good humor, and hastily accounted for Marion's presence in the house by the obvious explanation that she had intercepted Crispin's letter.

"Now, I gather from your injudicious boast just now that you have carried out the Idalia program?"

"I rather reckon so," replied Frayne. "You'll be ready enough to give Voules the credit for making the thing, but you'll have to spare some to me for fixing it. It was no child's play to navigate a small boat single-handed among a lot of cross currents you are ignorant of, and bring her close to a steamer without a soul on board being the wiser."

"I don't under-estimate your skill—still less your devotion," said Berthe. "So no one saw you from the Idalia?"

"Couldn't have. I heard nobody about on deck, and rowed my boat right under her counter without being hailed. The machine is clamped onto her in such a position that when it goes off it will blow the propeller and the rudder clean out of her. In fact, if the stuff Voules used is as strong as he says, the entire stern should go, and the yacht sink inside five minutes. There is something I ought to report to you tho, Berthe," added Frayne with evident reluctance.

"What is it?" his principal demanded sharply.

"The man we are after is ashore in the town—got tired of waiting on board for her, I reckon. I saw him twice—once before I did the trick, and again on landing afterwards. Queer chap he must be, for he was wearing a heavy overcoat the first time I saw him, and just now, long after sundown, he had left it off. But that's neither here nor there."

"Quite right to inform me of his being ashore," said Berthe. "You suggest that we might get him without destroying the yacht and many unoffending people?"

Fayter Frayne nodded, and Berthe Roumier fell into a brief reverie.

"No!" she exclaimed at last. "We owe it to ourselves and our cause to take the lesser risk. A pistol-shot or a knife-thrust might perhaps achieve our object, but it might be followed by the capture of one or all of us. We have not prepared for flight as we did at Weybridge and Maidenhead. And there would be the additional risk of removing the explosive from the yacht, which would have to be done after the event, with every one on the qui vive, for we should have to kill him at once—before he returned on board."

"I doubt if it could be done," said Frayne. "There would be all kinds of traffic between the yacht and the shore—policemen, coroner's officials, and all that. The attempt would fail, and the bomb would burst just the same."

"Exactly," Berthe agreed. "And we have gone too far to study the humane side. After all, what does it amount to—a rich woman and her toy, with all her crowd of pampered, overpaid parasites blown to atoms. No, a thousand times no! Such a paltry consideration must not weigh for an instant against the duty we owe to ourselves and the prestige of the society in striking surely but secretly."

"If the three of us were brought up before the magistrates tomorrow charged with a common longshore murder, the Knights of Industry would certainly have to sing uncommon small," Frayne assented.

"Well, then, we will let Mrs. Armytage, as she calls herself, return to her yacht," said Berthe. "You are a little dishevelled, Fayter, and your appearance might set her thinking. Stay here and have the whisky and soda you have earned while I go and release her. We shall be back in civilization soon now, I trust."

The man looked after the slight figure hungrily as it slipped out into the passage. "She gave me my meed of praise at last, but she grudged it," he growled, tossing some spirits into a glass. "It is Scorrier Voules who will get the credit for the sinking of the Idalia."

In the meanwhile Berthe Roumier entered the back room and informed Marion in a carefully-chosen sentence that "the matter she had come to explain had been inquired into with satisfactory results."

"Which means that I may return to the yacht and give my husband the happy assurance that we shall not be again molested," cried Marion, too pleased with what she regarded as the success of her self-set task to question the ambiguity of the other's words. She took it for granted that the phrase "satisfactory results" applied to her own point of view.

"There is nothing to keep you longer," said Berthe, standing aside for her to pass out, and motioning Voules to open the street door. "One moment, tho," she added quickly, as if it was an afterthought. "Now that we are not likely to cross each other's paths again, I should so like to know the name of the clever agent who placed you in touch with us? I have no right to ask a favor, or have I any claim upon your consideration, but pray oblige a very natural curiosity."

She spoke so winningly that Marion, flushed as she was with victory, forgot for the moment the character of the woman who made the apparently innocent appeal. "It was Quayne, the celebrated detective, of the Strand," she answered. "But perhaps, as an American, you have never heard of him."

"Oh, but indeed yes, I have heard of Mr. Quayne," said Berthe. "I do not wonder that you have found out so much about us. Well, good-night, Mrs. Armytage, if you still wish to use that name. I regret to have detained you so long, but it was better to arrive at a final settlement."

Marion thought so too as she sped thru the maze of streets towards the landing-stage, and that it was a final settlement, in the comfortable sense, she had no doubt. Her chief concern for the moment was to allay as speedily as possible the anxiety which her husband must be feeling at her long absence from the ship.

That the motor-launch would be at the steps waiting for her she was confident, and sure enough there was the faithful second officer bobbing up and down in the tiny vessel, which had a companion now in one of the yacht's rowboats.

His discipline was too strong, and his affectionate regard for his owner was too sincere to allow any expression of surprise at her belated appearance. Steadying the launch close to the steps, he reached his hand to help her aboard.

"Mr. Armytage is in the town somewhere, looking for you," he announced. "I have been here since four o'clock, but he came ashore later in the dinghy. Ah, there he is! We're in luck this time!"

Marion had begun to descend the steps, but, guided by Saunders' gesture, she turned and looked up to the parapet of the landing-stage. It was bright moonlight, and it showed her her husband's face, a little strained, as was only to be expected, peering down at her. He was wearing a long coat that she had not seen before. He must have felt chilly, the poor thing, and bought it in the town, she told herself.

"Here you are, dear, and here am I," she cried joyously. "Hop into the launch. You are fully pardoned for your breach of orders."

CHAPTER XXIII.

QUAYNE'S NEWS.

AFTER his wife's departure on a professed shopping expedition in the town, Leslie began by faithfully obeying her instructions to make himself

pleasant to Aunt Jane in the saloon. The old lady, believing him to be Nigel Lukyn, seized her opportunity, making references to Lady Lukyn, and, as far as her delicacy would permit, pumping him as to the supposed reason for his being sent to Grey Gables.

At last, finding his ingenuity unequal to parrying her questions, he left her and returned to the deck, where he remained till he judged it was time for Marion to return. The second officer had long ago gone in the motor-launch to fetch her, and in the fading twilight he could just descry the little craft at the landing-stage.

Then the darkness of the early winter night blotted out all view of the shore except the street lamps and the lighted windows along the sea-front. An hour passed, and still the launch came not. Leslie began to pace to and fro, consumed with an impatience that was rapidly growing into anxiety. He tried to persuade himself that he had no real cause for it, having every reason to think that the Americans were trailing across Europe on a false scent. All the same, his wife's absence continued unaccountable, unless some disaster had befallen her.

He sought her maid, in the hope of allaying his fears.

"Your mistress must have a great deal of shopping to do, Crispin," he said.

His ill-disguised concern drew a malevolent smile from the traitress. "On the contrary, sir," she replied with evident relish, "I was surprised that Mrs. Armytage should have gone ashore at all. I am sure I don't know what she wanted in the way of purchases. Would you wish me to go into the town and look for her?"

But Leslie, now thoroly alarmed, affirmed that he would go himself. Having imparted his intention to Aunt Jane, and obtained her eager approval, he ordered out one of the smaller ship's boats and had himself rowed to the steps. The motor-launch was still waiting there, and Mr. Saunders had seen nothing of Marion.

Trying to comfort himself with the reflection that she would be found in one of the shops, Leslie quitted the sea-front and made his way to the commercial part of the town. Tho it was only six o'clock, there was something in the aspect of the streets, as he turned out of the residential quarter, that struck chill to his heart. The shop windows were all dark, with the shutters up, except the public-houses and tea-rooms.

His wife had come ashore avowedly to make purchases at the shops; she had been gone hours longer than her professed intention.

Pulling himself together, he went into the restaurants and tea-rooms, and, describing Marion as best he could, asked if she had been seen. He met with civility everywhere, but with no satisfaction. No one had seen a lady answering to his description during the afternoon.

He ran back to the landing-steps to see if Marion had arrived during his search in the town, but Saunders, cold and hungry, but still uncomplaining, could give him no news of her. He determined next to extend his quest by inquiring at the hotels and the railway station. She might have gone to explore one of the historic mansions in the neighborhood, or have met a friend staying at one of the hotels. But no; there was no such relief in store, and he sought the water-side again. The Idalia's launch and boat were still waiting patiently, but there had been no sign of the fair young owner.

"The only thing I can suggest, sir, and it's against the grain to do it, is that Mrs. Armytage may have met with an accident. In that event it might be well to inquire at the various doctors' houses, as well as at the cottage hospital," said Saunders.

With a heavy heart Leslie turned away once more, and began a weary round of calls on the half score of medical men in the place. As their residences lay at considerable distances apart, and some of the doctors were socially or professionally engaged, it was not till two hours after his last visit to the launch that he completed his inquiries. Once more he arrived at the landing-steps, baffled and rendered desperate by a fruitless quest.

But this time a greater shock was in store for him. The motor-launch, and the dinghy in which he himself had come ashore, were both gone. For the moment he was thrilled with joy at the thought that Marion must have turned up, and that, taking pity on the waiting sailors, she had ordered the dinghy back to the yacht as well as the launch, leaving him to follow in a shore-boat.

An instant later, however, he raised his eyes to where the Idalia should be lying. At first he could hardly believe his senses. The place where the yacht had been anchored was vacant, and nowhere on the broad bosom of the estuary, bathed now in white moonbeams, was there any trace of her. Marion must not only have returned on board, but she must have immediately ordered Captain Crawford to put to sea.

The thing was incomprehensible. Leslie could only imagine that the sword which he had been dreading had fallen, and that his wife had discovered his deception in advance of his too-long deferred confession. But that she should adopt the cruel course of sailing away without a word of explanation seemed foreign to the very essence of her character. Anger, scorn and open recrimination he was prepared for; but it was unlike Marion to strike a man down without hearing his defense. And oh, how he had hoped that the defense he would plead—the defense of his great, all-conquering love—would prevail. A hope against hope, perhaps, but he had clung to it till now, when the water rippling where the yacht had loomed so largely told him that his wife—yes, she was still that, whatever she and the world might say—had punished him with flight.

It was past 10 o'clock, and the night bade fair to be frosty. In his haste he had come ashore without an overcoat, and standing on the quay he began to feel the chill after his wild rush round the town. No purpose would be served by his remaining there in the open. The Idalia was clean gone from the Exe, and if he was to sleep it would have to be in a hotel. Luckily he had enough money on his person for his present needs, and tho it came from Marion, he thought no harm to use it, as it was what she had given him while he was carrying out her original behest. Money earned by a month's residence at Grey Gables was not lightly earned.

He was turning sorrowfully away from the shimmering river's mouth to traverse the nearly-deserted landing-stage, when he saw the figure of a man, warmly muffled, advancing towards him. They met in the full glare of a gas lamp, and with one accord they halted in their tracks.

"Mr. Quayne!" was the involuntary exclamation drawn from Leslie.

The detective did not answer immediately. He came a step nearer and peered into Leslie's face.

"Mr. Armytage, and when I call you that I mean it without reservation, tho you are the man I last saw in the hotel at Broadstairs," he said at length.

"Yes, and the same man who was with you at Weybridge, and whom you consigned as a voluntary inmate to Grey Gables," relieving himself of the admission as of a load that had been too heavy to bear.

And then, as an explanation rather than a justification, he told of how his great love for Marion had succumbed to overwhelming temptation on the occasion of his going to Broadstairs to report his failure to do her bidding at the asylum, owing to the undoubted madness of Nigel Lukyn—how he had reason to believe that she loved him personally, and not the man he so much resembled—how he had preferred to brave the menace of the mysterious Americans rather than lose that love.

"Have you confessed to your wife?" Quayne asked shortly.

"Not yet; I have most weakly put it off," Leslie was fain to admit.

"Well, it's for her, not for me, to blame you," said the detective, with a curious intonation in his voice. I came down to see Mrs. Armytage about those same Americans, who are here in Exmouth at this moment—about them and some news from Grey Gables in which you will be interested. Nigel Lukyn has escaped from the asylum, and is still at large."

"My God!" cried Leslie. "His one idea was to gratify a murderous impulse against my wife. After all, I am glad she has gone to sea out of harm's way."

And he hastened to inform the detective of the events of the afternoon, first touching briefly on what had happened at Maidenhead and Southampton. Quayne listened in all seriousness, and then cast a roving glance round the landing-place.

"Come," he said, "this must not be neglected for an instant. Some one must have seen Mrs. Armytage return to the launch, and a vessel of the Idalia's size cannot have left her anchorage without being observed. There is a gentleman who might know something. He seems a fixture on that post."

Quayne's keen eyes had pounced on a fisherman, leaning in characteristic attitude against one of the bollards on the quay. Leslie, in his weariness of mind and body, had failed to perceive any one on that part of the frontage.

"Waiting for the tide to run, eh, friend?" said the detective affably. "I wonder if you saw a lady go on board a yacht's launch about an hour or so ago? The launch had been at the steps the best part of the afternoon."

"I seed her right enough," was the reply, "and the steamer worked out to sea directly she reached her. I took particular notice, I did, because the lady asked me the way to Holroyd street when she first come ashore. But Lord!" he exclaimed, his stolid face lighting up as his glance fell on Leslie, "this gent can tell 'ee more about it than I can."

"How so?" asked Quayne sharply.

"Why, he went onto the launch along of the lady," replied the man. "I seed 'un, for all the long coat he were wearing. The garment didn't cover his face, I'm telling 'ee."

The same words rose simultaneously to the lips of Leslie and of Quayne—

"Nigel Lukyn!"

TO BRITTANY

I never trod thy cliffs' aspiring height,
Nor saw thy pines their golden balsam store,
Nor watched thy balanced shallops winging white,
Yet, Breton land, I love thee evermore.

My love is strong as thy old oaks at core,
Toward them my heart is often taking flight.
Because we hold thruout our land a right
In that pure blood which thru thy veins doth pour.

Yes, thee I love with ancient memories—
Thy needs, thy heaths where Druid work endures,
Thy storied people and thy short-beat seas.

And when returning May with balm allures,
I dream the murmurous evening's eastern breeze
Brings airs of perfume vaguely from thy moors.

CHAPTER XXIV.

QUAYNE'S FEARS.

THE two men exchanged glances of horror and amazement over information which left no doubt that Nikel Lukyn had accompanied Marion back to the Idalia. To Leslie Armytage the situation was so charged with terror that he had need of all his manhood to keep from bursting into tears. Marion must have taken Nigel Lukyn, a homicidal maniac, on board the yacht in the belief that he was himself, her husband, and had steamed away beyond recall.

"Tell me," said Quayne, leading Leslie out of earshot of the informant, "was he so very bad when you were with him at the asylum?"

"It was my sole reason for not doing my wife's bidding," replied Leslie. "At intervals he was as bad as any one could be—so violent that he had to be kept under close restraint. And his greatest antipathy seemed to be against Miss Fermor, now my wife. Both in his ravings and his quieter moods he never tired of uttering threats of what he would do to her, for, as he believed, having put him away."

Strangely enough, Quayne expressed approval on hearing this. Pressed for his reasons, he expounded the theory that the more outrageous Lukyn's conduct, the greater the probability that the yacht would either promptly return to Exmouth or put in at some other port along the coast.

"If he breaks out, as he is pretty certain to do under the excitement of his successful escape, your wife will at least be surrounded by faithful adherents to protect her," the detective continued. "And if Mrs. Armytage fails to discover at once that he is not the gentleman with whom she began her honeymoon, she will conclude that you, whom she believes to be Lukyn, have had a relapse of the mental malady which got him consigned to the asylum. Take comfort from the fact that he is sure to behave in such a way that she will keep him at arm's length in any case. And now come along. We can be better employed than kicking our heels here."

Hardly knowing what he was doing, but thankful for expert guidance, Leslie accompanied the detective to the Imperial Hotel, where Quayne had already engaged a room. Another having been booked for Leslie, the two adjourned to the smoking room, where Quayne ordered whisky and cigars.

"We haven't time to eat, and I daresay you haven't the inclination," he said. "The clew the fisherman gave us must be followed tonight. He said that Mrs. Armytage, on coming ashore, inquired the way to Holroyd street. If I am not mistaken, something must have happened to her there which will account for the sudden departure of the Idalia directly she returned."

"But you don't now the number in the street," said Leslie hopelessly.

"Oh come, buck up, man!" Quayne replied. "What am I for but to find out things, and to judge by Peckthorne's face he has found out something already. I brought him down for that kind of work, and I am open to wager that in a couple of hours he has located the Yankees."

Gliding into the room in the wake of a waiter, who looked ashamed of his company, came the wizened old man who had shadowed Berthe Roumier to the lifeboat-house at Broadstairs.

"Got em, Peckthorne?" was Quayne's laconic question.

"Forty-seven, Holroyd street," was the equally concise answer.

"Then cut away and go to sleep in any crib you can find, and report to me here at eight tomorrow morning," said Quayne. "Now, Mr. Armytage," he went on, rising and looking down at Leslie as he spoke, "I am going to take the matter up where that old chap has left it. Your wife has evidently been in touch with Mademoiselle Roumier and her confederates—probably to endeavor to persuade them that they are really after the other fellow, as in fact they are. If I can discover what Mrs. Armytage said and did there, we may learn more about the Idalia's future movements. We are powerless till we do that."

Leslie was half dazed by the day's experience, but he was grateful for this strong man's help. "You seem to have dropped from the skies to aid me," he said, "tho I don't understand how you happen to be here at all."

"Because your wife wired me from Southampton of the activity of the Americans. I went to see you, as I then thought, at Grey Gables, to learn if you could throw any light on their designs, since in the personality of Lukyn you had disclaimed all knowledge of them. From what Doctor Beaman told me of his patient's recent outrageous conduct, followed by his escape, I deduced things pretty much on the lines of what you have just confessed. I then hurried on here to see if I could be of use as an intermediary, for it was evident that the vengeance of these secret delegates was not directed against my client's husband, but against the man who has broken out of the asylum."

"You are surely not going to tell them that now?" said Leslie quickly.

"Not so long as Lukyn is on board the Idalia," replied Quayne with grim significance as he went out.

After his departure Leslie had the smoking-room to himself, and he sat pondering over that last remark of the detective. Quayne clearly apprehended danger of some kind to the yacht, and to enlighten Berthe Roumier and her colleagues as to the real state of the case would be in direct opposition to his object of removing the peril. Possibly it would undo some good that Marion herself might have wrought on her visit to these people. In centering their attention on the Idalia they had hitherto been making a blunder, but now that Lukyn had so unaccountably taken his place, they were on the right track at last, and, if informed of their previous error, would redouble their efforts against the yacht, if only out of exasperation at having been so nearly misled into a futile crime.

It was on the stroke of midnight when Quayne returned, his face, usually so impassive, expressive of failure. "Come to my room," he said, as Leslie sprang to meet him. "They will be shutting up down here directly."

"Well?" Leslie put the hoarse question when the bedroom door was closed.

Quayne took a revolver from his hip pocket and laid it on the dressing table. "There was a brief crisis half an hour ago when I nearly had to use that little friend," he said. Then he turned and faced Leslie with: "That is a dangerous gang, Mr. Armytage. I was unpleasantly impressed with their capacity and deadly earnestness. I didn't beat about the bush, but simply informed them that they were known, and that if any harm befell the Idalia or any one aboard her they would make acquaintance with English hemp. That was when I thought they would go for me—the pretty little wildcat who leads them, and her male cut-throats. But it is only a dirty little lodging-house in a crowded street, and the risk was too heavy for them. They thought better of it, and laughed at me."

"Laughed?" echoed Leslie feebly.

"Yes, laughed," Quayne repeated, with savage recollections of one of his few defeats. "They had the whip-hand, you see. They pointed out—at least, that clever little French woman did—that your wife having married a man out of a lunatic asylum, anything that happened to the yacht was not likely to be attributed to any one else. I could not refute the argument. We have no actual proof against them on the previous attempts, and cannot have them arrested. And if we could, I fear it would be too late. There was a fiendish, self-assurance about them that suggested the achievement of their purpose."

"You mean danger to the yacht by

explosive, or some such contrivance?"

"So I should gather," replied Quayne, eying Leslie curiously, for there was a new ring in his voice not hitherto noticeable.

"My wife has seen them today?"

"Yes; they admitted sneeringly that they had had an amusing visit from Mrs. Armytage, but they would say nothing about the purport of it."

"And what steps do you propose to prevent this unknown peril?" Leslie inquired in the same tone. He seemed to have awoke suddenly from the apathy of despair to a ready comprehension of details. He was almost masterful—a strange attitude for a man in his position to take up.

Quayne answered him with a question: "Am I right in the surmise that the Idalia is fitted with a wireless telegraphy apparatus?"

"Quite right," said Leslie. "It was one of old Mr. Fremor's fads. He had it installed just before he died—as soon as the invention was successful."

"Therein lies our medium of communication with the yacht, if we only knew what to communicate," said Quayne. "I could run down to the Marconi station at Poldhu in Cornwall and get in touch with her. The trouble is that there is no tangible danger to warn her captain against. I might send out an urgent request to return and yet be too late to save her, supposing her to have some sort of infernal machine concealed on board. She would probably be headed for the nearest port, yet the thing might go off before she reached it."

"But if you could furnish particulars of her danger those on board could remove it at once. That is your meaning?" said Leslie. And again he spoke with a quiet assurance that puzzled the detective.

"That is what I mean—provided, of course, that no catastrophe should have befallen the yacht before we could set the Marconi people to work," Quayne replied.

There ensued a silence during which the two men looked at each other intently, but with quite different emotions. One, the skilled investigator, was striving to read his companion's mind; the other was not even thinking of him at whom he looked.

"I will get you those particulars—in time for you to start for Poldhu by the first train in the morning," said Leslie at length. "I hope to be back in an hour. If not, the coroner will probably have a job in Holroyd street. I presume that there is a night porter who will let me in if all goes well."

"I think I see your drift," Quayne exclaimed, as he accompanied him to the door. "And, by George, Mr. Armytage, whatever blame you may incur in this matter, no one will say that you are a coward."

CHAPTER XXV.

ATONEMENT.

AS LESLIE ARMYTAGE traversed the now silent streets in the short walk that was to bring him to Holroyd street, he was conscious of a feeling of exhilaration—the first real happiness he had known since his marriage. He was on his way to expiate, if he could, the deception he had practiced on his wife in marrying her, not under a false name, but in Nigel Lukyn's personality.

That in approaching the conspirators he ran a risk of being assassinated during the next half hour he was well aware, but that only troubled him in so far as it would frustrate the purpose he had in view. He had high hopes that the Americans would hold their hands for the same personal reason that had induced them to let Quayne go unscathed—the difficulty of murdering a man in a small lodging-house and of getting away afterwards without previous preparation.

Yet, for all his hope for present immunity, when he turned into Holroyd street it was with the intention of paying the heaviest price that a man can pay for the wrong he had done—the price being the life that was just beginning to be sweet to him, in spite of his precarious hold on Marion's love.

There was a dull gleam in the glass fanlight over the door at Number 47, and Leslie, with an instinctive guess that the people of the house would have gone to bed, forebore to press the electric bell into a vibrant summons. He used the cheap iron knocker very softly, and in accord with his expectations was rewarded by the appearance of one of the lodgers. The door was almost instantly slid half open, and there stood Scorrier Voules, blinking solemnly, with the weariness of a man kept out of his bed long after time, yet full of forced alertness.

Suddenly he stiffened as his eyes pierced the gloom, and he uttered an inarticulate cry of astonishment.

"Mister—Mister——?" he stammered, as tho groping for the name.

"Nigel Lukyn," Leslie filled in the blank firmly. "I can understand your surprise, sir. You thought that I was at sea on the Idalia."

Voules' manner changed at once. "You wish to see us?" he said suavely. "Step in please. It is rather late, and therefore fortunate that you find us still up."

Leslie crossed the mean threshold into the narrow passage, and was conducted to the back room where Marion had been held virtually a prisoner earlier in the day. There was a world of pregnant meaning in Voules' announcement of the name he had given. Fayter Frayne, who had been leaning against the mantelpiece, took an uncontrolled step forward, and then recovered himself, scowling fiercely. And Berthe Roumier, lolling in a cane chair beside the fire-place, scanned the late visitor with a quick, bird-like glance in which the genuine curiosity was kept under by an obvious effort. Voules closed the door and set his back against it.

"Is it Mrs. Armytage's Nigel Lukyn, or the other one?" said Berthe, studiously refraining from changing her position.

Mrs. Armytage's Nigel Lukyn—the real one," Leslie replied; "the one who ought to be on the Idalia, but who stayed behind because he has some private business to transact. The fact that I have met and had a talk with Mr. Quayne will explain how I obtained your address."

"But not how Mr. Quayne obtained it," Berthe Roumier purred in that soft, dangerous voice of hers.

"Quayne knows most things," said Leslie curtly. And then, remembering that it was not his cue to exasperate them against Marion, he added quickly: "Quayne traced you by his ordinary channels. He did not arrive in Exmouth till after my wife had sailed in the yacht."

The information that the yacht had sailed was evidently new to them. The trio exchanged glances which turned Leslie sick with fear for the woman he loved. The three pairs of eyes plainly telegraphed to each other nothing so gentle as remorse, but a selfish regret for trouble and risk vainly incurred. He was convinced now that some hideous fate had been prepared for the Idalia and her passengers.

Berthe Roumier turned again to him, inexorable in her calm scrutiny. Leslie, ignorant whether she had a personal acquaintance with Lukyn, trembled for the success of his plan, which depended entirely on his keeping up the deception. But there was no such breakdown in store for him. The delegates of the Knights of Industry were working solely from a photograph, and had never come into contact with the man they thirsted to kill.

"Well, Mr. Lukyn," Berthe said at last, "such an extraordinary visit must be traceable to an extraordinary motive. You are aware, I presume, that you stand very near to death at this moment—that I am, in fact, debating in my mind whether or no to allow you to leave this room alive?"

Leslie gave her back look for look. "Considerations for your own safety should inspire you with the wisdom to do that," he said. "Especially as the motive for my visit is to make a bargain with you which will enable you to attain your object quite easily and without risk to yourselves."

Fayter Frayne snorted, incredulous, and his itching fingers sought his pocket. Berthe Roumier frowned him down, and politely invited the visitor to explain his meaning more fully. "Ours has been such a strenuous task that we shall be glad to be spared both trouble and risk in the future," she added, with that bland semi-note of sarcasm that was in itself a danger-signal.

"My proposition is this," said Leslie, ignoring the sneer. "Quayne suggests that you have placed an infernal machine on the Idalia with the object of killing me. Well, here I am on shore—secure from anything that may happen to the yacht. But, if you have done this thing, my wife and close on a hundred innocent people will be sacrificed—from your point of view, quite uselessly. Now, you believe me to be very base, no doubt, or you would not be so keen to wreak your vengeance on me, but I am not so base as to let all those people and the wife I love go down when my worthless life thrown into the balance can save them."

Berthe was watching him intently—

(Continued on Page 13.)

If The War Had Continued!

If the war had continued, the pair of U. S. "Protected" rubber boots that you will now be able to buy at your dealer's this winter would have gone to France for one of the boys "over there."

But, as the trenches are empty, there is no need for trench boots; so our Government is now allowing us to provide heavy-service, double-duty U. S. "Protected" rubber footwear for the outdoor worker at home.

Uncle Sam has furnished "our boys" with the best rubber boots that money can buy, and, in both the Army and Navy, there probably are as many U. S. "Protected" rubber boots as all other brands combined.

U. S. "Protected" rubber boots will outwear any ordinary rubber boots. The "boys" will tell you so when they come back. Every pair is sturdily constructed, reinforced where the wear is hardest, staunch and serviceable, and yet full of comfort. Every pair of "U. S." means warm, dry, comfortable feet for the wearer, whatever the work or weather.

The "U. S. Seal"—trade mark of the largest rubber manufacturer in the world—is on every pair of U. S. rubber boots. Look for it. It is your protection.

United States Rubber Company
New York

U. S. Rubber Footwear

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY US RUBBER SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Temptation Came to Jemmy on a Day When the Tempter Often Comes

Jemmy's New Year's Party

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By Jeanette King

JEMMY sat at the red-covered table and stitched away mechanically on the shirt she was mending. In front of her stood a wicker basket filled with torn stockings, a vest of Bob's that needed several buttons and two old lace collars of her own. Beyond, in the small kitchen, the supper was cooking.

Jemmy first frowned at the basket as she laid aside the shirt, and wondered if ever there would be an end to this constant stream of little things that needed attention. Then with a sigh she got up and walked kitchenward. Five years before, when she had given up her job as a salesgirl in Bloom's to marry Bob Perry, she had meant not to sink into the deadly routine that marks the average woman's life. She and Bob had planned, back in those wonderful days, how they would work and save until they had put enough aside to buy a little home in the suburbs. They had other dreams, too, about little ones, but none of them ever came true. Jemmy's eyes suddenly took on an old look as she let her mind dwell on them.

A hiss, as of liquid coming in contact with fire, warned her that the stew on the stove needed attention. Jemmy hastened to stir it. It was watery; so watery, in fact, that it filled Jemmy with inestimable disgust. It was like her life, this stew, without substance and with a cooked-out flavor. Viciously she removed the cover from the pot and set it down on the sink. The odor of the cooking meat and vegetables was wafted to her on the cloud of steam that began to fog the window right above her head.

As she looked up and watched the vapor condensed into drops of water on the window pane, she remembered that it was the last day of the year. The calendar to the left of the window confirmed it. The next day was the beginning of a new year. A new year! Jemmy smiled bitterly as she said the words aloud. One year was like the other to her now. New Year's eve formerly had meant a celebration, a bright spot in the year's desert of hard work. This year, it meant nothing. Tomorrow there would be just as much work, just as much monotony, as the previous day had brought.

Five years had passed, one just like the other, since she and Maizie, the girl who worked in the cloaks and suits, had gone out together for a good time on New Year's eve. She remembered quite distinctly how wonderful it had seemed to be ushered into a glittering restaurant, to hear the music of the orchestra, to watch the couples dancing on the floor and, after a bit, to join them herself. Jemmy could almost feel herself gliding away in the arms of her partner. As she thought of all that distant fairyland, she slung her arms about her body, and tried to hum a gay little tune which she remembered the orchestra had played; but the tune caught in her throat, and before she knew it, Jemmy felt the tears coursing down her cheeks.

How long she stood there hugging herself child-fashion, she did not know. The little kitchen, the basket of mending on the table in the other room, the stew that was cooking on the stove, all were forgotten. Even Bob was transformed in her imagination into a fairy prince who was going to carry her away to his isle of magic, where soft lights, low music and sparkling fountains abounded. In fact, she could hear the bubbling of the water as it rose and fell into the marble basin. And then, as she turned, the smell of burning food came to her. Two steps brought her to the stove, and there was the stew, a black, nauseous mess.

Jemmy grabbed it and put it on the sink beside the cover. She stared at it dumbly for a moment or two, and then with short, dry sobs she left it there, and went back to the combination dining and living-room. But she was not comfortable there, either; the basket of sewing on the table pricked her consciousness. She regarded it as an enemy, another manifestation of the failure of her married life.

She flung herself into the bedroom, hers and Bob's, and shut the door. Still the odor of burnt food permeated the atmosphere of the little flat, and penetrated the closed door to annoy her. With a movement of impatience, she rose from the bed where she had seated herself and looked out of the window. It gazed down upon a brick paved courtyard between two buildings, whose back doors evidenced poverty. She went back and sat down again on the edge of the bed. And there, born of monotony and a host of petty annoyances, the great resolution came to Jemmy.

Back of all those five years of dreariness, was a picture of content and jollity. Jemmy longed to return to it. A little voice somewhere deep within her urged her to retrace her steps. If she only dared, she whispered to herself, and the little voice prodded her on. "Dare! Dare!" it kept on repeating, and Jemmy did.

It was almost six o'clock when Jemmy found herself standing outside of Bloom's employes' entrance waiting for Maizie. Back in the little flat she had left a note for Bob next to the plate where she had put some cold boiled ham and bread for his supper. Just a few lines that told him not to worry.

She scanned the straggling lines of workers that filed out of the entrance. At last she saw Maizie farther back in a knot of girls who were carrying packages and waiting for the inspector to examine them. It struck her that Maizie's color was a little too high, that the set of her hat was a little too rakish; yet Maizie was unaffectedly glad to see her, and in the warmth of the greeting Jemmy closed her eyes to these little defects.

As she told her story on the way to the street car, Maizie squeezed her arm sympathetically.

"Poor little kid," she said, as she took in the details of Jemmy's shabby coat and hat with a critical eye. "It's a rotten shame, that's what it is."

Once on the street car, Jemmy entered somewhat into the gaiety of the occasion. Several small children were tooting horns in one corner of the car, and Jemmy almost felt like joining them. On all sides of her girls, most of them weary with the day's work, chattered about their clothes, their friends and the good time they expected to have that evening. It was a night of nights. Jemmy envied the girls their freedom.

Maizie must have divined something of what was passing in Jemmy's mind, for as they got off the car at her corner, she stopped in the drug store to telephone before going on to her room. When she came out of the telephone booth she smiled seraphically on Jemmy.

"It's a go," she shouted, "my friend's got another man for you. It'll be a regular evening for us."

For a second, thoughts of Bob flashed thru Jemmy's mind, but she turned them out resolutely. Bob had shut her away from all pleasure. Besides there was no harm in her going out this way, if Maizie and her friend were with her. It might have been different, she argued, had she gone out alone with this strange man, but—she shrugged her shoulders gaily, and let herself be led up the flight of stairs to Maizie's room. Excitement and laughter filled the interval between their entrance and their appearance at the supper table.

Both Jemmy and Maizie ate abstractedly. In a half hour, they were back in Maizie's room again, and Jemmy was regarding her shiny serge dress with rueful eyes, as she gazed at her reflection in the mirror.

"Shouldn't have bothered you, I guess," she said as she brushed away an imaginary fleck on her skirt. "This rag ain't fit to be seen in." She laughed a little off key as she finished talking, and Maizie stopped patting the folds of a peach colored evening dress, and put her arms around Jemmy's slender form.

"Did you think I'd let you go in those rags?' she demanded. "Not on your life. The best ain't none too good for my little friend, Jemmy. Now none of these'll fit you," she said, indicating a line of dresses that hung in her closet, "but I can fix you up. There's my friend, Mag, that's got the room across the hall. She's doin' a stunt down at Guggleheim's cabaret, and she's just your size. Bet she's got a dress she can leave you take." With that Maizie went to the door of her own room and opened it.

"Oh, Mag," she sang out, "come'n here for a minute."

After much discussion Maizie selected a dress of turquoise blue, and a black velvet cape for Jemmy's toilette.

"The color'll suit you to a T, dearie," she said, as she helped Jemmy unhook the old blue serge. "Now turn the straps of your underwear down a bit, and it'll be fine." She slipped the turquoise blue confection over Jemmy's head, and helped to fasten it. "There," she said when the last snapper was closed, "you're sure some little queen. Take a squint at yourself in the mirror."

With a Sweep of His Free Arm He Took a Glass of Champagne Off the Table and Forced It to Her Lips.

Jemmy looked—and gasped. She could hardly believe that it was her own reflection that was looking out at her from the mirror.

"I—I can't go like this," she stuttered, "my chest and shoulders"—her hands went up involuntarily, and covered her white bosom. She felt her face burning under the gaze which Maizie directed toward her.

Maizie laughed.

"Don't do that, dearie," she chided gently, "you're hunchin' up the shoulder straps of your dress. So," she said when Jemmy's arms fell listlessly to her side, "that's better. Them shoulders of your'n are a sight for sore eyes."

Jemmy felt the blush in her cheeks deepen, but she let Maizie daub at her neck and arms and chest with an immense powder puff; she even suffered her to put a daub of rouge on each cheek, and fluff out her hair fantastically. At last, when she thought that Maizie was about thru transforming her into a beauty, Jemmy's eyes lighted on her hands. There, on her left hand, she caught the glitter of her wedding ring. She gazed at it reflectively. Maizie saw it too, and frowned a trifle.

"Take it off, dearie, an' let it here; an' while you're at it, doll up your nails a little with that there buffer."

Jemmy slipped the ring off her finger, and with it shed the last vestige of scruples she might have had against this escapade. By 10 o'clock, she was deliriously happy, and when she and Maizie went downstairs to greet the two men who were waiting for them in the boarding-house parlor, she had forgotten completely about Bob. She heard Maizie introducing her to the two men as "Miss Perry." She did not care. She meant to have her fling before she went back to Bob and the dull routine again.

"Where 're we goin'?" asked Maizie, as the taxicab speeded across the boulevard and south onto the tracks of a street car line.

"Where we'll have a good time," pertly answered the man at her side. "What's the difference?"

"Got your table reserved?" she asked.

"Sure, called up Barney this morning."

Maizie laughed and clapped her hands, and her two male companions laughed with her.

"Maizie's a sharper, all right," said one of them as he slipped his arm around Maizie's shoulders, "wormed it out of us that we were going to the Red Friar Inn."

The Red Friar Inn is an institution in the night life of Chicago. Its gaudy walls decorated with questionable pictures of life in the nude, its al fresco lobby, its tiers of wire-legged tables with wine-stained cloths, its jazz orchestra seated at one end of the immense room, all burst like a wild dream on Jemmy's eyes. It was not at all the kind of place she and Maizie had visited that other New Year's eve, five years before. For a moment Jemmy felt the urge to enjoy herself ebbing away, but the next moment the band in the corner struck up a lively air and Jemmy, with an eye on Maizie's swaying shoulders, gave herself up to the moment.

She unfastened the heavy velvet cape, and her escort laid it over the back of her chair. Jemmy nestled down in it, and watched the couples that were getting up from the tables to dance in the center of the room. Her hand rested lightly on the table. Maizie jumped up, and one of the men followed her laughingly.

"Come," said the other to Jemmy, as his fingers closed over hers. Jemmy looked into his eyes and smiled. They were small and gray, and tho she banished the thought instantly, Jemmy could not help but feel that they were cruel, selfish eyes.

"Some little girl," he said holding her slim body close to him as they glided in and out thru the crowd, "where'd you learn to dance?"

Jemmy laughed lightly.

"I haven't danced in five years," she informed him.

He looked incredulous, and tho the music had stopped, he did not loose his hold on her.

"Let me whisper something to you," he said, leaning over.

"What?" asked Jemmy.

"Just this," and he planted a light kiss on the lobe of her ear.

That kiss spoiled Jemmy's good time for almost a half hour. Yet as she got up to dance with Maizie's partner, Jemmy got back into the spirit of the occasion. She even consented to finish her glass of wine when they got back to the table, and when the music struck up again for them to dance, she went gaily into the offender's arms.

"Ain't mad at me, little one?" he asked as he hugged her close to him.

Jemmy did not answer. They talked little thruout the dance, but when they got back to their table, Jemmy had to laugh at Maizie's capers. The hands of the clock pointed to twelve. Outside the night air was made hideous with the shrieks of a thousand factory whistles and sirens. Inside, people were tooting horns and adorning their heads with fantastic paper caps. Somebody at a nearby table was throwing handfuls of salted nuts at them. Corks popped; there came the tinkle of glass, and the

din of many voices, each shouting in a different key.

And, suddenly, in the midst of the din, the lights flashed out. There came the sound of hoarse laughter, women's shrieks and the overturning of chairs, and Jemmy felt herself held in an iron grasp while a man's lips pressed themselves feverishly against her face, her neck and her bosom. She tried to cry aloud, but she could not, and then as the lights went up, she looked up into those same cruel, gray eyes. The man did not relax his hold on her; she struggled, but her strength was as nothing compared with his.

With a sweep of his free arm, he took a glass of champagne off the table and forced it to her lips.

"Drink," he shouted, but she closed her lips tightly, and the liquor ran down the front of her dress. He mopped it up with his handkerchief, and patted her shoulders with his hand. Maizie was laughing; so was the other man.

"Don't," sobbed Jemmy, as she tried to free herself, "you—you hurt."

She wondered why it was that nobody paid any attention to her. Gradually she felt the man's hold on her relax, and she sank into her seat, sick with shame and loathing. She hardly dared to look around. Cautiously she looked across the table at Maizie, and met the girl's vacant, half-imbecilic smile. Maizie lifted a glass high in the air, and dribbled its contents over the table. Her male companions protested. She put the glass on the table again and the waiter filled it. This time she drank the liquor. Jemmy looked away. At the next table, a girl, swaying on her feet, was singing to the crowd. Farther away, another woman was dancing on the top of the table, while her partner was beating a tatoo on the tray he had taken away from a passing waiter.

So several hours went by; Jemmy feared that the end might never come. Yet it did. By four o'clock they found themselves standing in the lobby waiting for their taxi. Maizie was clinging to her partner with both arms, and Jemmy, too frightened even to cry, helped her into the cab, and they started for home.

"Little piker," said he of the gray eyes, as he held her, struggling in his arms in the hallway of Maizie's boarding-house, "I'll get you yet." And with that he kissed her roughly and let her go.

Together she and Maizie stumbled up the dark stairway. Once in her room, Maizie threw herself down on the bed without the formality of undressing, and fell asleep. Jemmy watched her as her breast rose and fell irregularly.

"God," she said at last—and it was almost a prayer—"How could I have been so blind?"

She staggered to her feet, and viewed herself in the mirror. Her cheeks looked hectic; her hair was disheveled and strands of it hung down to her shoulders. The once fine dress was a sodden rag. With trembling fingers she unfastened it and took it off. She laid it over the chair, and took her old serge out of Maizie's closet. She put it on with a sense of well-being. Then, as quickly as she could, she got into her shabby hat and coat.

"Am going back home," she scribbled in pencil on a piece of paper, "Bob expects me. Many thanks." Bitterly she smiled as she wrote the last two words, put the note in a corner of the dresser mirror, and went out, closing the door softly. The streets were still dark when she started for home, but she was not frightened. The solitude of the streets was a welcome relief from the revelry of the Red Friar Inn.

Just as she got to the door of her own home, Jemmy saw the milkman leaving the house. She hid in a nearby hallway until he had passed out of sight, and quietly she walked up the stairs to her own little flat. She knocked twice before there was an answer, and then Bob, hollow eyed and anxious, opened the door. He stared at Jemmy uncomprehendingly.

"Jemmy," he said, as he opened his arms, "my little girl. Where have you been?"

And Jemmy betwen sobs, told him.

"Chase me but, Bob," she said fiercely, "I ain't fit to be your wife."

But Bob thought differently.

"It was all my fault, Jemmy," he said as he seated himself in the rocker and took her into his arms to soothe her like one might a little child, "I didn't see. I was a poor, blind fool. I forgot that we was young, and that you needed some fun. I was so busy gettin' the money for the little house, and the kiddies that were to come." Jemmy's arms stole about his neck. "An' Jemmy, there's enough for the little house now. I got a surprise for you. Uncle Tom, he——"

"Uncle Tom? Who's that?" asked Jemmy sitting up suddenly.

"Oh, he's my father's only brother. He died two weeks ago, an' left us a thousand dollars insurance money. With what we got, it'll be enough to buy that little house."

"Yes, an' more, too. We'll——" Jemmy blushed and hid her face on Bob's shoulder, "there'll be enough for another one in the family now," she mumbled from that retreat.

Bob kissed the top of her head.

"Jemmy," he said soberly as she lifted her head, and her eyes looked into his, "I'll say it's a very happy New Year."

And Jemmy, tho' she said nothing, showed that she agreed with him.

The Avengers

(Continued From Page 11)

the passion in his voice was obviously genuine. "Go on, Mr. Lukyn," she said. "You are becoming interesting, but you must not expect admissions—yet."

"This is what I ask," Leslie continued. "Put me in a position to communicate the nature of their danger to those on the yacht by a wireless telegram from the Marconi station in Cornwall, and I will engage to be at any place you choose to name, unarmed, and without having informed a living soul of the rendezvous. Let it be as lonely as you like, and let the appointment be at any hour of the day or night. I will further promise to offer no resistance. My one stipulation is that I am first assured that the Idalia has been freed from the peril of whatever you have done to her."

Berthe Roumier consulted her confreres with her eyes. Scorrier Voules, with his back to the door, looked lazily acquiescent; Fayter Frayne, at the mantel-piece, truculent but non-committal. It was a case for the casting-vote, and it was not given immediately.

"Forgive me, Mr. Lukyn," said Berthe smoothly, "but your past record is hardly a guarantee of good faith. You have an able ally in the detective, Quayne. Without actually informing him of the rendezvous which you are good enough to suggest, you might drop him a hint which would result in your being ceaselessly shadowed—protected. How are we to know that you will keep the compact in spirit as well as in the letter?"

"I foresaw that as the weak spot in my scheme," replied Leslie, and there was no mistaking his real distress. "I can only give you my word that from the moment I leave this house tonight I will do my best to mislead Quayne—to persuade him that I am in no need of his services. There must be some give-and-take. What guarantee have I, if you accept my proposal, that the information which you furnish to be telegraphed to the yacht will be correct?"

Again a silence that seemed to Leslie to last for years, and then Berthe raised her head and spoke sharply to Frayne. "Tell him," she said, "exactly where you fixed the machine."

Sullenly, and with his ever-present sense of grievance strong upon him, Frayne obeyed and furnished the particulars necessary for the undoing of his villainous handiwork. Leslie was too intent on committing his words to memory, so as to reproduce them without a flaw, to look at Scorrier Voules during the recital. Had he done so he would have observed that the taller of the two men was regarding his colleague with a keen enjoyment.

"And when—when?" Leslie hardly dared trust himself to put the question on which so much might depend.

"When will it go off?" Berthe callously helped him out. "It is timed for between four and five o'clock tomorrow afternoon—twenty-four hours after it was set. And now, Mr. Lukyn, it remains for you to fulfil your part of the bargain. You will take a walk on the cliffs tomorrow night beyond Littleham, between the hours of one and two. Here, you can see it on the local map."

Leslie followed her finger on a map which was lying on the table. Measured by scale, the line she traced halted at a spot about three miles from the town.

"That is West Down Beacon," he said, reading from the map.

"Just so, and below it—between the high ground and the sea—is an extensive landslip marked 'The Floors.' You will, if you are not met before, prolong your walk from the cliff-path down into the seclusion of 'The Floors,' Mr. Lukyn. That is all, I think, except to add that we shall trust you as you have trusted us."

It seemed to Leslie that the calm, even tones might also have comprised the phrase: "May God have mercy on your soul," for as Voules opened the door at a sign from Berthe and conducted him to the street, he knew himself sentenced to death as surely as if his judge had worn scarlet and ermine instead of a costume bearing the hall-mark of Worth.

But he had as good as saved Marion—if the yacht could be brought to harbor in time to save her from that other and, to his mind, still graver peril—Nigel Lukyn.

Leslie barters his life for the information which never reaches the Idalia. A series of awe-inspiring events keeps your interest at the boiling point in the next issue of the Ledger.

* * *

Settling It.

A WELL known business man in Lawrence, Mass., once had a customer who contracted a debt than ran along unpaid for a year or more and even several letters failed to bring about a settlement.

One day, while glancing over the religious notices in a local paper, the business man saw something that gave him a new idea. He went to his desk and wrote the following note to the debtor:

"My Dear Sir—I see in the local press that you are to deliver an address on Friday evening before the Y. M. C. A. on 'The Sinner's Unbalanced Account.' I inclose yours, as yet unbalanced, and trust that I will have the pleasure of attending your lecture."

* * *

Wanted His Fee.

A BUFFALO man stopped a newsboy in New York, saying: "See here, son, I want to find the Blank National Bank. I'll give you half a dollar if you direct me to it." With a grin, the boy replied: "All right, come along," and he led the man to a building a half-block away. The man paid the promised fee, remarking, however, "That was a half-dollar easily earned." "Sure!" responded the lad. "But you mustn't fergit that bank directors is paid high in Noo Yawk."

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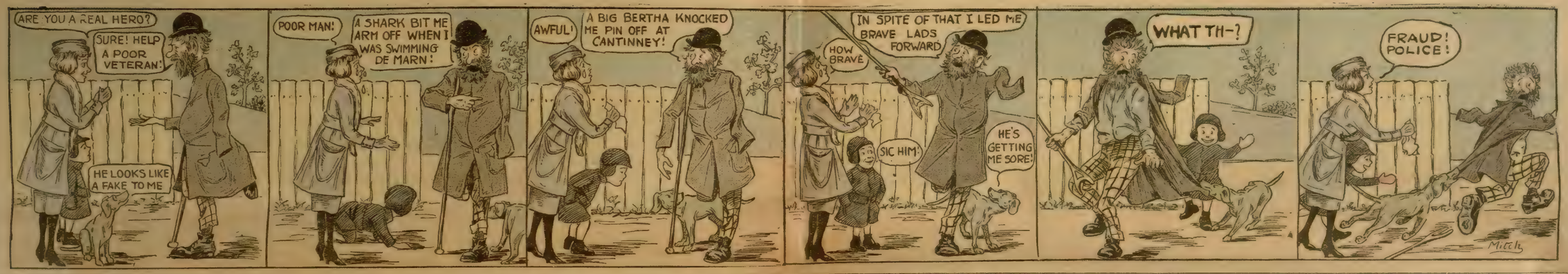
LOVESICK LULU - - Lulu Meets a Hero From France but the Pup's There


ARE YOU A REAL HERO?
SURE! HELP A POOR VETERAN!
HE LOOKS LIKE A FAKE TO ME
POOR MAN!
A SHARK BIT ME ARM OFFER WHEN I WAS SWIMMING DE MARN!
AWFUL!
A BIG BERTHA KNOCKED ME PIN OFF AT CANTINNEY!
IN SPITE OF THAT I LED ME BRAVE LADS FORWARD
HOW BRAVE
SIC HIM!
HE'S GETTING ME SORE!
WHAT TH-?
FRAUD! POLICE!
Mitch

Exit the Hero.

It occurred in the barber shop of one of our large hotels. The barber had just finished with him and it had taken his last cent to settle. The attendant had yet to be disposed of and the rookie was feeling a bit uncomfortable about the tip as the individual began brushing off his clothes and shoes.

As he received his carefully brushed hat back with an "about 10 or 20 cents will do" smile, the rookie had a happy thought.

"Say," he suddenly asked the attendant, "do you know Luke McGluke?"

The attendant did not.

"He walks like this," said the rookie—and he limped out.—Judge.

Watch Him Bite.

A rookie on guard for the first time was paid the usual visit by the officer of the day.

O. D.—"Do you know your general orders?"

Rookie—"Nope."

O. D.—"What are your special orders?"

Rookie—"Haven't any."

O. D.—"Do you mean to stand there and tell me the sentry you relieved did not tell you anything?"

Rookie—"Oh, yes. He said: 'Watch out for the O. D. He's a crab.'"—Judge.

On the U. S. S. Utah?

Executive Officer (to gob asking for furlough)—"Brown, I want an explanation of your cunning here and telling me you want leave because your grandmother is dead. That's the fourth grandmother you've had die within a year. Now, explain yourself if you can."

Brown (his knees shaking)—"That's all true enough, sir; but the fact is, sir, grandfather's a Mormon."—Judge.

Business.

Mrs. Gramercy—"That's a very handsome dog Mrs. Newrich takes out walking with her."

Mrs. Park—"Yes; she uses him for publicity purposes. He's a prize winner and much better known than she is."—Life.

Some Borrower.

Mrs. X.—"That old maid next door is the most brazen woman I ever knew."

Mrs. Y.—"Indeed."

Mrs. X.—"Why only yesterday she came over to inquire if she could borrow my husband to discharge her cook."

Doping It Out.

Silliens—"It is hard to determine why some marriages are failures."

Cynicus—"That's rackit. Sometimes it's because the wife is suspicious, sometimes because she isn't."—Life.

Catty.

Edith—"What makes you think Jack loves me so desperately?"

Maud—"Oh, a thousand things! He always looks so pleased, for instance, when you sing and play."

Their Excuses.

Two men, who are quite well off, but very miserly in their expenditures, met recently in the gallery of a theater.

Each was annoyed to be seen by the other in the cheapest place of the house.

"What brings you here?" each asked the other.

"To tell the truth," said the first, "I've got a fearful cold in my head, and as the heat ascends, I came up here where it was warm. Besides, I'm a terrible sufferer from rheumatism. But what brings you here?"

"My opera glasses!"

"Your opera glasses?"

"Yes; they enlarge too much. I can't see from the boxes what is going on on the stage. I have to come up here in the gallery to be able to see with them at all!"

A Quiet Come-back.

He was fond of playing jokes on his wife, and this time he thought he had a winner.

"My dear," he said, as they sat at supper, "I just heard such a sad story of a young girl today. They thought she was going blind, and so a surgeon operated on her and found—"

"Yes?" gasped the wife breathlessly. "That she'd got a young man in her eye!" ended the husband, with a chuckle.

For a moment there was silence. Then the lady remarked slowly:

"Well, it would all depend on what sort of a man it was. Some of them she could have seen them easily enough."

Re-volting.

Colored Patient (in hospital)—"Boss, how do you all do yoh cookin' in thah?"

Orderly—"Well, Sam, you know we have the latest fandangled methods over here; in fact, we do our cooking by electricity."

Patient—"Hum, by e-lectricity, huh? Well, boss, you sho' ought to have given dem beans anotha shock."—Judge.

Compensation.

"It says here that a wealthy Western man has left five hundred thousand dollars to the woman who refused to marry him twenty years ago," said Mrs. Gabb, as she looked up from the newspaper she was reading.

"That's what I call gratitude," commented Mr. Gabb.

An Embarrassing Moment.

"Never ask me to buy anything for you again. I was so embarrassed."

"What happened, my dear?"

"While removing things from my handbag to get the conductor his fare, I held up your plug of tobacco."—Judge.

Unloosed a Torrent.

"How is it you couldn't sell that dame a dictionary? Did you tell her the dictionary had 40,000 words?"

"Yes, but she had more words than that, and she used 'em all telling me she didn't want it."

Support Columns.

Little Bess, aged 6, while visiting at the training camp with her mother, spied a pair of cuff leggings on the washline.

Surprised, she exclaimed: "Mamma, do the soldiers wear corsets, too?"—Judge.

All He Could Get.

"And so you sacrificed your good name and everything for a paltry dollar?" asked the preacher.

"Sure!" replied the village tough. "That was all the fellow had."

An Ever Present Danger.

Mrs. Haltenwell—"Why does your husband want to get transferred to another regiment?"

Mrs. Canfield—"He's so afraid of forgetting himself and giving orders to his colonel. The man used to be our butler."—Judge.

No Excuses.

"What excuses do you make to your wife when you stay out at night?"

"I don't make any excuses," replied Mr. Meekton. "I simply sit up and wait till Henrietta gets home from the meeting she has been addressing."

A Surmise.

"What's your business, stranger?"

"I'm a critic."

"You'll find plenty to criticise, I 'xpect."

Perverse.

"What is the easiest way to win a woman?"

"By making her think you hate her."

Dangerous Beasts.

The teacher had been telling her class about the rhinoceros family. "Now name some things," she said, "that are very dangerous to get near to, and that have horns."

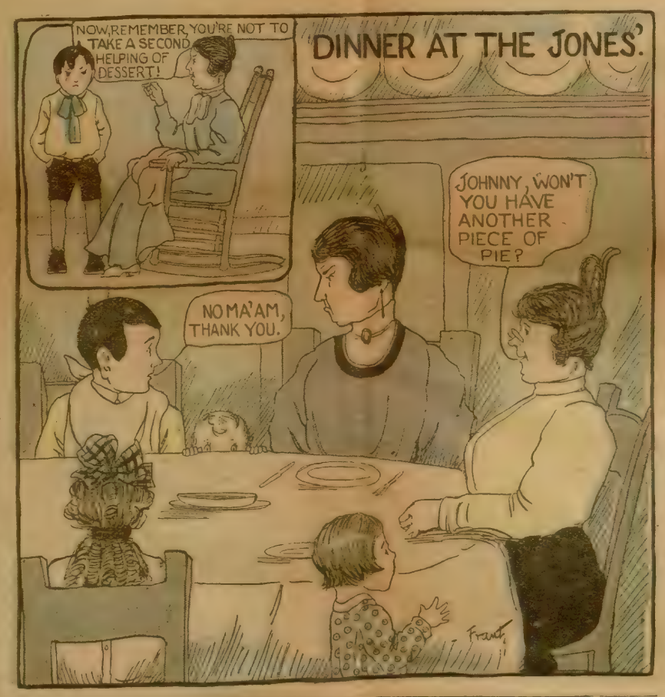
"Automobiles!" promptly answered a little boy.

Wouldn't Take a Chance.

"Why don't you get out and hustle? Hard work never killed anybody," remarked the philosophical gentleman to whom Rastus applied for a little charity.

"You're mistaken dar, boss," replied Rastus; "I'se lost fouh wives dat way."

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG


NOW, REMEMBER, YOU'RE NOT TO TAKE A SECOND HELPING OF DESSERT!
DINNER AT THE JONES.
JOHNNY, WON'T YOU HAVE ANOTHER PIECE OF PIE?
NO MA'AM, THANK YOU.

A Damper.

"I see you took that pretty girl into the conservatory."

"Yes."

"Did you propose?"

"Naw, we both kind of got cold feet. There was a married couple in there having a violent quarrel."

The Impossible Described.

"Pop, what is meant by a figure of speech?"

"Well, my son, when you hear of a woman being speechless with indignation, that's a figure of speech."—Life.

In Germany.

"The Kaiser calls on us to rally round him."

"Ach, yes. Where is he? In the cellar?"

Nothing Doing.

"There is a creditor without, sir."

"Well, he will have to go without."

That's Different.

Lawyer—"I cannot take your case. Circumstantial evidence is so strong against you that it would be impossible to prove your innocence."

Prisoner—"But I am not innocent; I am guilty."

Lawyer—"Oh! Then maybe I can clear you."

Parted.

"Don't worry so about the cook's impudence, Maria. Don't take any notice of her."

"I have to; she's just given it."

Brain Teasers.

Deleted Fish.

[To delete means to take out one letter. It can be any letter in the word.]

163—1. Delete a letter from a fish and have healthful.
2. Delete a fish and have listen.
3. Delete a fish and have a horse's gait.
4. Delete a fish and have a location.
5. Delete a fish and have to sink.
6. Delete a fish and have a chimney.
7. Delete a fish and find a dessert.
8. Delete a fish and have sorrowful.
9. Delete a fish and have a drawing-room.
10. Delete a fish and find an article of clothing.

Problem in Arithmetic.

164—A charitable lady met a poor man, to whom she gave 1 cent more than half of all the money she had in her purse. The poor fellow, who was a member of the United Mendicants' Association, managed, while tendering his thanks, to chalk the organization's sign of "a good thing" on her clothing, so that she met many objects of charity as she proceeded on her journey. To the second applicant she gave 2 cents more than the half of what she had left, and to the next she gave 3 cents more than half the remainder, and thereupon, found that she had only 1 cent left.

How much money had she in her purse when she started out?

Jumbled Cities.

165—These cities are in the British Isles: 1. Lbinud. 2. Rock. 3. Ylhl. 4. Perth. 5. Dnonol. 6. Dedeun. 7. Gwosela. 8. Plervooll. 9. Drofxo. 10. Bredy. 11. Sedle.

Riddles.

166—1. What is majesty deprived of its externals?

2. Why is there no such thing as a whole day?

3. What belongs to you but is used more by your friend than yourself?

4. What is that which if you take away all the letters remains the same?

5. What is the best day in the year for soldiers to start hiking on?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

150. Beheadings.

Longfellow. 1. Land-and. 2. Olive-live. 3. Near-ear. 4. Gill-ill. 5. Fare-are. 6. Ego-go. 7. Lease-ease. 8. Lark-ark. 9. Open-pen. 10. Witch-itch.

100. Anagram.

Persia.

161. Four-word Square.

F L A T
L O V E
A V E R
T E R M

162. Industrious States.

1. Md. (Maryland). 2. Ark. (Arkansas). 3. Ill. (Illinois). 4. Me. (Maine). 5. Miss. (Mississippi). 6. Ida. (Idaho). 7. Pa. (Pennsylvania). 8. O. (Ohio).

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

Helped by Imagination.

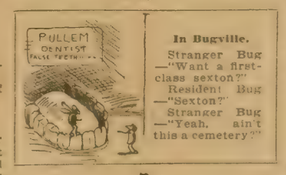
Officer—"You're the best fighter in the regiment. What's the secret?"

Private—"Whenever I went against the Germans I pretended they were the customers that I used to have to take insolence from and to whom I wasn't allowed to say anything back, when I worked in the department store."—Life.

Got the Hook.

Uncle Si—"What became of that vaudeville actor chap you had workin' on your place?"

Farmer Hi—"Bounced him. He seemed to have the idea that farm work was a twenty-minute sketch and then a two-hour rest-up."



In Bugville.

Stranger Bug—"Want a first-class sexton?"

Resident Bug—"Sexton?"

Stranger Bug—"Yeah, ain't this a cemetery?"

Too Many Ahead of Him.

The Little 'Un—"Blimy, I'm going to have five minutes alone with that sergeant after the war!"

The Big 'Un—"No bloomin' fear, my lad! You'll be waitin' in too long a line for that chance!"

His Suggestion.

"No," said the positive girl, "I will never tie myself down to one man."

"Perhaps," he replied sarcastically, "if I organize a syndicate you will consider our offer."

Quick Cure.

"Uncle Bill Bottletop recovered from the grip very quickly."

"Yes. He got well just as soon as the doctor told him he could go on taking the quinine and cut out the whisky."

The Guilty One?

Gr-rr-rh! The train drew up with a mighty crash and shock between stations.

"Is it an accident? What happened?" inquired a worried-looking individual of the conductor.

"Some one pulled the bell cord!" shouted the conductor. "The express knocked our last car off the track! Take us four hours before the track is clear!"

"Great Scot! Four hours! I am supposed to be married today!" groaned the passenger.

The conductor, a bigoted bachelor, raised his eyebrows suspiciously.

"Look here," he demanded, "I suppose you ain't the chap that pulled the—"

Purely Feminine.

Mr. Wheeler was a philosopher.

"There is one thing I can't quite understand," he remarked to his friend Beaman.

"What is bothering you now?" asked the friend.

"If a man is two hours late arriving home his wife raises a regular row," explained the philosopher, "while if he is gone two years she will give him a royal welcome. Women are certainly peculiar, Beaman."—Life

Making the Most of It.

"When I married you out of the chorus I thought you were bright and gay. I didn't think you'd nag me all the time."

"I never had a speaking part before," retorted the girl.—Judge.

Rare Nerve.

"I worry so over your shortcomings that my dresses no longer fit me."

"Yes, mum," said the cook. "Then I suppose you wouldn't mind giving me one or two?"

The Evicted One—"Thanks, ever so much, that fence might have bothered me; and now, which of these roads to the depot?"

"I have some eggs as cheap as 30 cents, ma'am, but I wouldn't guarantee 'em."

"Well, send me a dozen, please. They'll do to lend the neighbors."

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GENTLE JABS.

A man's tongue usually outlasts his brain.

His satanic majesty must have a lot of branch offices.

Two are needed to start a quarrel, but one can stop it.

Every mother imagines her baby's toes look like rosebuds.

Some spinsters envy wives, and some wives envy spinsters.

It is better to live in the foggy present than in the misty past.

True love seldom finds it necessary to express itself in words.

Our faults are soon forgotten—if known only to ourselves.

Sometimes a man avoids a scrape by letting his whiskers grow.

The circles in which some of us move are but a scant half mile track.

What a great many towns need is the 9 o'clock curfew for married men.

Marriage is a partnership in which the man usually poses as a silent partner.

Many a man has ruined his eyesight sitting in a barroom looking for work.

It takes an experienced undertaker to look solemn and conceal his satisfaction.

Some self-made folks seem to have found the material at a bargain counter.

A schoolgirl never graduates until she has learned to stab a pickle with a hatpin.

The kangaroo is a healthy looking animal, but it is nearly always on its last legs.

Too many men attempt to pass thru this world on the reputation of their ancestors.

By covering up their tracks some men get credit for walking in the straight and narrow path.

With the advent of universal peace there will be nothing left for the military man but marriage.

Science tells us that a man's body is nearly 90 per cent water—and still the prohibitionists complain.

A servant girl recently stayed at one place six months. Then she was discharged—from the hospital.

A man is apt to suffer less from the "flu" than he is from the innumerable remedies suggested by his friends.

It is said that a woman either makes or mars a man's success. Perhaps that is why successful men are so scarce.

Do not worry if you fail to get into society. The oyster is often present at a social function when he would doubtless prefer to be at home in his bed.

Your Problems of the Heart Solved Here

Conducted by Winifred Grey

TO MY CORRESPONDENTS:

So many letters come to this department that it is impossible to answer each and every one of them. However, many of them are similar, and it is hoped that you may find the answer to your particular problem in the reply to one who has written as you have.

Married Man.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 18 and in love with a married man. I knew him slightly before he married. He married a woman that had a bad name. At first I thought I felt sorry for him, but soon found out I cared for him. He knows this now and asked me if I would marry him if he got a divorce. Said he had made a big mistake in marrying as I was the only girl he loved. He has given me a week to decide what to do. Can you tell what I should say to him?

NAOMI.

A divorce in itself is not wrong if man and wife cannot get on together. However, if I were you I would not want to be the cause of a divorce. Stay away from the man and let him settle his own problem.

Faint Hearted.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I have kept company with a young lady for six years, and have not asked her to marry me because I thought there was somebody whom she cared more for. Lately we had a little misunderstanding and she never answered my last letter. Five months after I was in her home town, and I met her. We settled our difference, and I went back. I never heard from her since, and I expected her to write me since she knew where I lived. Should I write to her now? Should I ask her to marry me? PUZZLED.

You have neglected the girl. By all means ask her to marry you if you care for her. She probably cares for you too. It was your place to write to her first when you left town. That's why you didn't hear from her.

Love Letters.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 20 years old and in love with a man of 21. He came to see me a few times some three months ago, but now has taken to corresponding. In his letters he tells me how much he loves me. Can you tell me why he never comes to see me?

A. K.

Perhaps he hasn't the time. Why don't you ask him the reason?

Two Lovers.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 18 and have two admirers. Both of them call on me at the same time. One of them seems rather indifferent; the other acts as tho he likes me. I like them both. Which one shall I take?

A. C. D.

Wait until one of them asks you.

Musician.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a musician in love with a little girl of 18. When I told her that I loved her she said she returned my love, and said that the difference in our religious beliefs did not matter. She is inclined to be flirty, and now is going with another fellow. How can I regain her love? I have done everything I could but she only laughs at me.

MUSICIAN.

I wouldn't bother. The girl is lightheaded. Wait until you meet a more sensible girl.

Young Girl.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a young girl interested in dressmaking, but am too poor to pay for lessons. How can I go about learning this? I am attending school but don't seem very interested in my studies. How can I get interested? I am very bashful too. When I am introduced to people my face turns red. Do you think that I can overcome this? JUNE.

Go to work for some dressmaker in a large town near your home. You can learn this way. I don't know what to suggest to interest you in your studies except to tell you it will mean more to your future success if you will keep at them. Don't think about yourself so much, or the impression you are making, and you will soon overcome your bashfulness.

Parents Object.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am corresponding with a young man who is now in France. For some reason after we had corresponded for four months my parents objected. I have written since then on the sly. Do you think it is all right? Please tell me what to do.

FRANCES.

Ask your parents why they do not want you to write to the young man. If the reason is a good one stop writing him immediately. Otherwise try to convince them that they are wrong. However, don't do anything on the sly.

Hasty.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a young man in love with a girl a year my junior. Recently I left town to take a job in another place, and corresponded regularly. I never received an answer to my letters for more than a month, and so I sent back all her letters. I thought she had forgotten me. Later I learned that she had been sick and had lost her father. I wrote her and told her how sorry I was, but she has written and asked me for her ring which I have. Would you advise me to send back the ring, and give her up? H. L. H.

No, convince her how sorry you are for your hasty actions. I'm sure she will forgive you in time if you persevere.

Cousin.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 13 years old and a freshman at high school. Would it be all right for me to wear a service pin for my cousin who is in the Army? Do you think I should wear one for another young man, if he asked me to? BROWN EYES.

Wear one for your cousin if you wish, but not for any one else. Service stars are intended to be worn for near relatives only.

About Marrying.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 18 and engaged to be married to a man of 20. We have been engaged a year and my parents are willing that we should marry. Do you think we are too young?

P. C. M.

That depends entirely upon yourselves. If you care enough for each other, get married at once.

Letter Writing.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a young girl and am corresponding with a boy of my age. He writes lovely letters, and I don't know how to answer them. He keeps calling me his sweetheart. I like him very much but we are not engaged. What shall I write to him, and how should I address him?

PERPLEXED.

Write him friendly letters about the things you are interested in. Address him as "Dear John" or whatever his name may be.

Flirty Man.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I have been going with a girl of my age for three years, and we are now on the outs, as we have been many times before. I like to go about with other girls, and she objects. We always quarrel about this. She seems to love me and I love her. This time she acts as tho she doesn't want me to come back to her. Do you think she is only jealous, or means what she says? B. V.

I don't blame the girl in the least. If you care for her you will drop the others. You had better make your peace before it is too late, and see that you don't go about with the others.

Two Admirers.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a college student and am in love with a young lieutenant in France, tho we have never spoken of love and he does not know this. At the same time there is a young man whom I admire and esteem. He tells me he wishes to marry me when I have completed my course. Do you think I am fickle? What do you think I should do, since I care for the man in France? PERPLEXED.

I don't believe you care for the young men at all. It is merely a case of getting a husband. If I were you I should wait until I met somebody I really cared for.

Fatherly Lover.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 18 and know a gentleman of 65 tho he seems more like a man of 35. He likes me as a daughter he says, and tries to pet me and calls me very sweet names. Please tell me is it proper? I do not go out very much and am very modest.

GREY EYES.

Yes, as long as he acts like a father only. Don't encourage any other kind of attention from him.

Too Young.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am in love with a girl five years my senior. I am 19. I go to see her every week and she treats me fine, and seems to care for me, but will not let me kiss her good-by. Do you think she is too old for me? Please tell me what to do?

HARRY.

She is not too old for a friend, but you should not think of her as a sweetheart. The girl is right in not letting you kiss her.

Soldier Acquaintance.

DEAR MISS GREY:

A soldier got my address while guarding the Mexican border about two years ago, and we have been corresponding ever since. He asked me if he could come to see me for a few days. As I have never seen him and know nothing about his character, altho he writes nice letters, would it be improper for him to come? Would it be more proper for your mother to ask your boy friend to stay for lunch on Sunday?

J. B. M.

Yes, let the young man come. It is the only way you can find out anything about him. Either you or your mother may ask a young man to stay to a meal.

About Kissing.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am a girl of 18 and have been going with a young man two years my senior for about three years. We have always been very attentive to each other, and tho he has never proposed in so many words, we understand that we will marry some day. Circumstances are such that we cannot marry for at least two years. Do you think there is any harm in my kissing him?

MURIEL.

No.

Bashful.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I have been in love with five girls, but for some reason cannot keep them. I am about to give the job up. Can you help me out? I am rather bashful. L. M.

Be kind and thoughtful. Don't carry on a flirtation with another girl when you are going with one. Tell the girl your love and ask her to marry you. Simple, isn't it?

Uncertain Lady.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 26 years old, and have three admirers, none of whom I love. I am afraid to marry as they want me to. Two of them are widowers, one 46 years old with two grown children. He is a preacher. The other is 44 years old and has four little ones. The third one is still studying to be a preacher and lives in my home town. He is deformed. Please tell me what to do.

I. E. L.

Don't marry any of them. You certainly don't care for them. Wait until the right man comes along.

Lover Died.

DEAR MISS GREY:

I am 19 years old, and the young man with whom I kept company has died. We loved each other dearly, and he is the only one I can ever love, and I think it is wrong for me to fool other boys, but my people don't think as I do as they tell me to forget him, which I can never do. I think I should prepare to meet my love in Heaven by helping the needy ones. What do you think?

BROKEN-HEARTED GIRL.

I think you are very foolish. Doing charity for others is a fine thing, but I believe that you can and should take an interest in those around you. Your home folks are right. In time you will forget, and you can help yourself by making up your mind not to think about the departed one. The best thing to do is get interested in some one else.

* * *

Impossible Request.

A GENTLEMAN winked at a bright boy on the Lewiston car the other day. The youngster tried to return his salute, but both eyes persisted in shutting. "Mamma," he finally said to a nice-looking woman by his side, "wink at that man."

THE LEFT HAND NECKLACE

By Arthur Stringer

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THE rain had come on a little after eight, as sudden and heavy as tho it had been a midsummer thunder shower.

A fusillade of bullets could scarcely have emptied Broadway more quickly. Men and women ducked under doorways, dodged into side streets, elbowed into theater lobbies. All life vanished as promptly as tho the thorofare from Thirty-fourth street to Longacre square had been a gopher village and some wolfish enemy had invaded it. Pleasure-seeking ladies fled before it as tho they were made of sugar, and their beauty might melt away at the touch of water. Newsboys huddled back under dripping porticos like toads under wet rhubarb leaves.

Above the sidewalk, twenty paces from the empty doorway where I loitered, an awning suddenly appeared, springing up like a mushroom from a wet meadow. Toward one end of this awning circled a chain of broughams and taxicabs. As a carrier-belt empties grain into a mill bin, so this unbroken chain ejected hurrying men and women across the wet curb into an over-lighted foyer.

Then the desolation of the empty streets began to depress me. I saw the lights of the theater not more than twenty paces away. A moment later I stood before its boxoffice window, no wider than a mediaeval leper-squint, from which cramped and hungry souls buy access to their modern temples of wonder.

"Standing room only," announced the autocrat of the wicket. And I meekly purchased my admission ticket, remembering that the head usher of that particular theater had in the past done me more than one slight service.

Yet the face of this haughtily obsequious head usher, as his hand met mine in that free masonry which is perpetuated by certain silk-threaded scraps of oblong paper, was troubled.

"I haven't a thing left," he whispered.

I peered disconsolately about that sea of heads seeking life thru the clumsy lattice of polite melodrama.

"Unless," added the usher at my elbow, "you'll take a seat in that second lower box?"

Even thru the baize doors behind me I could hear the beat and patter of rain. It was a case of any port in a storm.

"That will do nicely," I told him, and a moment later he was leading me down a side aisle into the curtained recess of the box entrance.

Yet it was not ordained that I should occupy that box in lonely and unrivaled splendor. One of its chairs, set close to the brass rail and the plush-covered parapet that barred it off from the more protuberant stag box, was already occupied by a man in full evening dress. He, like myself, perhaps, had never shared a box with other than his own acquaintances. At any rate, before favoring me with the somewhat limited breadth of his back, he turned on me one sidelong and unmistakably resentful stare.

Yet I looked at this neighbor of mine, as I seated myself, with more interest than I looked at the play actors across the footlights, for I rather preferred life in the raw to life in the sirups of stage emotionalism.

It startled me a little to find that the man, at the moment, was equally oblivious of anything taking place on the stage. His eyes, in fact, seemed fixed on the snowy shoulders of the woman who sat at the back of the stage box, directly in front of him. As I followed the direction of gaze I was further surprised to discover the object on which it was focused. He was staring, not at the woman herself, but at a pigeon-blood ruby set in the clasp of some pendant or necklace encircling her throat.

There was, indeed, some excuse for his staring at it. In the first place, it was an extraordinarily large and vivid stone. But against the background where it lay, against the white column of the neck, it stood out in limpid ruddiness, the most vivid of fire against the purest of snow. It was a challenge to attention. It caught and held the eye. It stood there, just below where the hair billowed into its crown of Venetian gold, as semaphoric as a yard lamp to a night traveler. And I wondered, as I sat looking at it, what element beyond curiosity, could coerce the man at my side into studying it so indolently, and yet so intently.

About the man himself, there seemed little that was exceptional. Beyond a certain quick and shrewd alertness in his movements as he looked about at me from time to time with a muffled resentment which I found not at all to my liking, he seemed average in everything, in coloring, in stature, in apparel. His face was of the neutral sallowness of the sedentary New Yorker. His intelligence seemed that of the preoccupied office worker who could worm his way into an ill-fitting dress suit and placidly approve of second-rate melodrama. He seemed so without interest, in fact, that I was not averse to directing my glance once more toward the pigeon-blood ruby which glowed like a live coal against the whiteness of the neck in front of me.

It may have been mere accident, or it may have been that out of our united gaze arose some vague psychic force which disturbed this young woman. For as I sat there staring at the shimmering jewel, its wearer suddenly turned her head and glanced back at me. The next moment I was conscious of her nod and smile, unmistakably in my direction.

Then I saw who it was. I had been uncouthly staring at the shoulder blades of Alice Churchill, and further back in the box I caught a glimpse of her brother Benny, who had come North, I knew, from the Nicaraguan coast to recuperate from an attack of fever.

Yet I gave little thought to either of them, I must confess. At the same time that I had seen that momentarily flashing smile I had also discovered that the jeweled clasp on the girl's neck was holding in place a single string of very lovely pearls, the kind about which the frayed-cuff garret author forever loves to romance. I was not unconscious of the quick and covert glance of the man who sat so close to me.

Then I let my glance wander back to the ruby, apparently content to study its perfect cutting and its unmatchable coloring. And I knew that the man beside me was also sharing in that spectacle. I was, in fact, still staring at it, so unconscious of the movement of the play on the stage that the "dark scene," when every light in the house went out for a second or two, came to me with a distinct sense of shock.

A murmur of approval went thru the house as the returning light revealed to them a completely metamorphosed stage setting. What this setting was I did not know, nor did I look up to see. For as my idly inquisitive glance once more focused itself on the columnar white neck that towered above the chair back, a second and greater shock came to me. Had that neck stood there without a head I could not have been scarcely more startled.

The pigeon-blood ruby was gone. There was no longer any necklace there. The column of snow was without its touch of ruddy light. It was left as disturbingly bare as a target without its bull's-eye. It reminded me of a marble grate without its central point of fire.

The Pigeon Blood Ruby Was Gone! I Could Hardly Have Been More Startled.

My first definite thought was that I was the witness of a crime that was as audacious as it was bewildering. Yet, on second thought, it was simple enough. The problem of proximity had already been solved. With the utter darkness had come the opportunity—the opportunity that obviously had been watched for. With one movement of the hand the necklace had been quietly and cunningly removed.

My next quick thought was that the thief sat there in my immediate neighborhood. There could be no other. There was no room for doubt. By some mysterious and dexterous movement the man beside me had reached forward, and with that delicacy of touch doubtless born of much experience, had unclasped the jewels, all the time shrouded by the utter darkness. The audacity of the thing was astounding, yet the completeness with which it had succeeded was even more startling.

I sat there compelling myself to a calmness which was not easy to achieve. I struggled to make my scrutiny of this strange companion of mine as quiet and leisurely as possible.

Yet he seemed to feel that he was still under my eye. He seemed to chafe at that continued survey; for even as I studied him I could see a fine sweat of embarrassment come out on his face. He did not turn and look at me directly, but it was plain that he was only too conscious of my presence. And even before I quite realized what he was about, he reached quietly over, and taking up his hat and coat, rose and slipped out of the box.

That movement on his part swept away my last shred of hesitation. The sheer precipitancy of his flight was proof enough of his offense. His obvious effort to escape made me more than ever determined to keep on his trail.

And keep on his trail I did, from the moment he sidled guiltily out of that lighted theater foyer into the still drizzling rain of Broadway. Stronger and ever stronger waves of indignation kept sweeping thru me as I watched him skulk northward, with a furtive glance over his shouder as he fled.

He was a good 200 feet ahead of me when I saw him suddenly veer about and dodge into a doorway. I promptly threw decorum away and ran—ran like a rabbit—until I came to that doorway. I saw, as I passed thru it, that it was nothing more than the Broadway entrance to the Hotel Knickerbocker. Complex and intricate as the paths of that crowded lair of life might be, I felt that under the circumstances he would not remain within its walls. And I was right in this, for as I stepped into its pillared rotunda I caught sight of my quarry hurrying out thru one of the doors that opened on Forty-second street.

I gained the open just in time to see him dodging down into the kiosk of a subway entrance. He was thru the gate before I could catch up with him. I had no time to turn back and buy a ticket, for conductors were already slamming shut the doors of a southbound "local."

"Buy me a ticket," I called to the astonished "chopper," as I tossed a dollar bill over the arm which he thrust out to stop me. I did not wait to argue it out, for the car door in front of me was already beginning to close. I just had time to catapult my body between that sliding door and its steel frame. I knew, as I caught my breath again, that I was on the platform of the car behind the jewel thief.

And I stood there, carefully scrutinizing the line of car doors as we pulled into the Grand Central station. I did the same as we passed Thirty-third street, and the same again at Twenty-eighth street. The man had given no sign that he actually knew I was on his track. He might or might not have seen me. As to that, I had no means of being positive. But I was certain of the fact that he was making off in a panic of indeterminate fear; that he was doing his utmost to evade pursuit.

This came home to me doubly as the train stopped at Twenty-third street, and I saw him step quickly out of the far end of the car, look about him and dart across the station platform and up the stairway two steps at a time.

I was after him, even more hurriedly. By the time I reached the street he was swinging up on the step of a cross-town surface car. To catch that car was out of the question, but I waited a moment and swung aboard the one that followed it, thirty yards in the rear. Peering ahead, I could plainly see him as he dropped from this car on the northeast corner of Sixth avenue. I could see him as he hurried up the steps of the Elevated, cross the platform, and without so much as buying a ticket, hurried down the southeast flight of steps.

I had closed in on him by this time, so that we were within a biscuit-toss of each other. Yet never once did he look about. He was doubling on his tracks, walking rapidly eastward along Twenty-third street. I was close behind him as he crossed Broadway; turning south, and then suddenly tacking about, he entered the Bartholdi Hotel. There he exactly repeated his maneuver of the Knickerbocker, circling around to the hotel's side entrance on Twenty-third street.

Even as he emerged into the open again, he must have seen the night-hawk cab waiting there at the curb. What his directions to the driver were I had no means of knowing. But as that dripping and waterproof individual brought his whip lash down on his steaming horse, a door slammed shut in my face. Once more I so far forgot my dignity as to dodge and run like a rabbit, this time to the other side of the cab as it swung briskly northward. One twist and pull threw the cab door open and I tumbled in—tumbled in to see my white-faced and frightened jewel thief determinedly and frenziedly holding down the handle of the opposite door.

His face went ashen as I came sprawling and lurching against him. He would have leaped bodily from the carriage, which was now swinging up Fifth avenue, which was all but deserted, only I caught and held him there with a grimness born of repeated exasperation.

He showed no intention of meekly submitting to that detaining grasp. Seeing that he was finally cornered, he turned on me and fought like a rat. His strength, for one of his weight, was surprising. Much more surprising, however, was his ferocity. And it was a strange struggle, there in the half-light of that musty and many-odored cab. There seemed something subterranean about it, as tho it were a battle at the bottom of a well. And, but for one thing, I imagine, it would not have been a pleasant encounter for me. It's a marvelous thing, however, to know that you have Right on your side. The panoply of Justice is as fortifying as any chain armor ever made.

And I knew, as we fought like two wharf rats under a pier-end, that I was right. I knew that my cause was the cause of law and order. That knowledge gave me both a strength and a boldness which carried me thru even when I saw my writhing and desperate thief groping and grasping for his hip pocket—even when I saw him draw from it a magazine revolver that looked quite ugly enough to stampede a regiment. And as the sodden-leathered nighthawk went placidly rolling up Fifth avenue we twisted and panted and grunted on its floor as tho it were a mail coach in the Sierras of sixty years ago, fighting for the possession of that ugly firearm.

How I got it away from him, I never quite knew. But when I came to my

senses I had him on the cab floor, and my knee on his chest, with his body bent up like a letter U. I held him there while I went thru his pockets, quietly, deliberately, one by one, with all the care of a customs inspector going thru a suspected smuggler.

I had no time to look over his wallet (which I rememberd as being as big as a brief bag) or his papers, nor had I time to make sure of how much of the jewelry he wore might be his own. The one thing I wanted was the pearl necklace with the pigeon-blood ruby. And this necklace I found, carefully wrapped in a silk handkerchief tucked down in his right-hand waistcoat pocket—which, by the way, was provided with a buttoned flap to make it doubly secure.

I looked over the necklace to make sure there could be no mistake. Then I wrapped it up again in the silk handkerchief and thrust it well down in my own waistcoat pocket.

"Get up!" I told the man on the cab floor.

I noticed, as I removed my knee from his chest, what a sorry condition his shirt front was in, and how his tie had been twisted around under his ear. He lay back against the musty cushions, breathing hard and staring at me out of eyes that were by no means kindly.

"You couldn't work it!" I said, as I pocketed the revolver, and having readjusted my own tie, buttoned my overcoat across a sadly crumpled shirt front. Then for the first time the thief spoke.

"D'you know what this'll cost you?" he cried, white to the lips.

"That's not worrying me," was my calm retort. "I got what I came after."

He sat forward in his seat with a face that looked foolishly threatening.

"Don't imagine you can get away with that," he declared. I could afford to smile at his impotent fury.

"Just watch me!" I told him. Then I added, more soberly, with my hand on the door knob, "and if you interfere with me after I leave this cab, if you so much as try to come within ten yards of me tonight, I'll give you what's coming to you."

I opened the door as I spoke, and dropped easily from the still moving cab to the pavement. I stood there for a moment, watching its placid driver as he went on up the avenue. The glass-windowed door still swung open, swaying back and forth like a hand slowly waving me good-by.

Then I looked at my watch, crossed to the University Club, jumped into a waiting taxi, and dodged back to the theater, somewhat sore in body, but rather well satisfied in mind.

A peculiar feeling of superiority possessed me as I presented my door check and was once more ushered back to my empty box. I felt inarticulately proud of myself as I watched the final curtain come down. This pride became a feeling of elation as I directed my glance toward Alice Churchill, who had risen in the box in front of mine, and was again showering on me the warmth of her friendly smile. It was plain that she was still unconscious of her loss.

I stopped her and her hollow-cheeked brother on their way out, surprising them a little, I suppose, by the unlooked-for cordiality of my greeting.

"Can't you two children take a bite with me at Sherry's?" I amiably suggested. I could see brother and sister exchange glances.

"Benny oughtn't to be out late," she demurred.

"But I've something rather important to talk over," I pleaded.

"And Benny would like to get a glimpse of Sherry's again," interposed the thin-cheeked youth just back from the wilds. And without more ado I bundled them into a taxi and carried them off with me, wondering just what would be the best way of bringing up the subject in hand.

I found it much harder, in fact, than I had expected. And as the time went on, I was, more and more averse to betraying my position, to descending mildly from my pinnacle of superiority, to burning my little pinwheel of power. I was like a puppy with its first buried bone. I knew what I carried so carefully wrapped up in my waistcoat pocket. I remembered how it had come there, and during that quiet supper hour I was inordinately proud of myself.

I sat looking at the girl with her towering crown of reddish-gold hair. She, in turn, was gazing at her own foolishly distorted reflection in the polished bowl of the chafing dish from which I had just served her. She sat there gazing at her reflected face, gazing at it with a sort of studious yet impersonal intentness. Then I saw her suddenly lean forward in her chair, still looking at the grotesque image of herself in the polished silver. I could not help noticing her quickly altering expression, the inarticulate gasp of her parted lips, the hand that went suddenly up to her throat. I saw the fingers feel around the base of the compactly slender neck, and the momentary look of stupor that once more swept over her face.

When I Came to My Senses I Had Him on the Cab Floor With My Knee on His Chest.

She ate a mouthful of capon, studiously, without speaking. Then she looked up at us again. It was then that her brother Benny for the first time noticed her change of color.

"What's wrong?" he demanded, his thin young face touched suddenly with anxiety.

The girl, when she answered him, spoke very quietly. But I could see what a struggle it was costing her.

"Now, Benny, I don't want any fuss," she said, almost under her breath. "I don't want either of you to get excited, for it can't do a bit of good. But my necklace is gone."

"Gone?" gasped Benny. "It can't be!"

"It's gone," she repeated, with her vacant eyes on me as her brother prodded and felt about her skirt, and then even shook out her crumpled opera cloak.

It was then that I reached calmly down in my waistcoat pocket, for I knew that my moment had come.

"Does this happen to be it?" I asked, with all the nonchalance at my command. And as I spoke I unwrapped the string of pearls with the pigeon-blood ruby and let them roll on the white damask that lay between us.

She looked at them without moving, her eyes wide with wonder. I could see the color come back into her face. It was quite reward enough to witness the relieving warmth return to those widened eyes, to bask in that lovely and liquid glance of gratitude.

"How," she asked a little weakly, as she reached over and took them up in her fingers, "how did you get them?"

"You lost them in the theater-box during the first act," I told her.

I watched her as she turned them over in her hands. Then she looked up at me suddenly, then down at the jewels, then up at me again.

"This is not my necklace," were the astonishing words that I heard fall from her lips. I knew, of course, that she was mistaken.

"Oh, yes, it is," I quietly assured her.

She shook her head, still staring at me.

"What makes you think so?" she asked.

"I don't think it, I know it," was my response. "Those aren't the sort of stones that grow on every bush in this town."

She was once more studying the necklace. And once more she shook her head.

"But I am left-handed," she was explaining, as she still looked down at them, "and I had my clasp, here on the ruby at the back, made that way. This clasp is right-handed. Don't you see, it's on the wrong side."

"But you've only got the thing upside down," cried her brother. And I must confess that a disagreeable feeling began to manifest itself in the pit of my stomach as he moved closer beside her, and tried to reverse the necklace so that the clasp would stand a left-handed one.

He twisted and turned it fruitlessly for several moments.

"Isn't that the limit?" he finally murmured, sinking back in his chair and regarding me with puzzled eyes. The girl, too, was once more studying my face, as tho my movement represented a form of uncouth jocularity which she could not quite comprehend.

"What's the answer, anyway?" asked the mystified youth.

But his bewilderment was as nothing compared to mine. I reached over for the string of pearls with the ruby clasp. I took them and turned them over and over in my hands, weakly, mutely, as tho they themselves might in some way solve an enigma which seemed inscrutable. And I had to confess that the whole thing was too much for me. I was still looking down at that lustrous row of pearls, when I heard the younger man at my side call my name aloud.

"Kerfoot!" he said, with a note that made me look up sharply.

As I did so, I was conscious of the figure so close behind me, so near my chair that even while I had already felt his presence there, I had for the moment taken him for my scrupulously attentive waiter. But as I turned about and looked up at this figure, I saw that I was mistaken. My glance fell on a wide-shouldered and rather portly man with quiet and very deep-set gray eyes. What disturbed me even more than his presence there at my shoulder was the sense of power, of unparaded superiority, on that impassive yet undeniably intelligent face.

"I want to see you," he said, with an unemotional matter-of-factness that in another would have verged on insolence.

"About what?" I demanded, trying to match his impassivity with my own.

He nodded toward the necklace in my hand. "About that," he replied.

"What about that?" I languidly inquired.

The portly man at my shoulder did not answer me. Instead, he turned and nodded toward a second man, a man standing half a dozen paces behind him, in a damp overcoat and a sadly crumpled shirt front.

I felt my heart beat faster of a sudden, for it took no second glance to tell me that this second figure was the jewel thief whom I had trailed and cornered in the musty-smelling cab.

I felt the larger man's sudden grip on my shoulder—and his hand seemed to have the strength of a vise—as the smaller man, still pale and disheveled, stepped up to the table. His face was not a pleasant one.

Benny Churchill, whose solicitous eyes bent for a moment on his sister's startled face, suddenly rose.

"Look here," he said, with a quiet vigor of which I had not dreamed him capable, "there's not going to be any scene here." He turned to the man at my shoulder. "I don't know who you are, but I want you to remember there's a lady at this table. Remember that please, or I'll be compelled to teach you how."

"Sit down!" I told him. "For heaven's sake, sit down, all of you! There's nothing to be gained by heroics. And if we've anything to say, we may as well say it decently."

The two men exchanged glances, as I ordered two chairs for them.

"Be so good," I continued, motioning them toward these chairs. "And since we have a problem to discuss, there's no reason why we can't discuss it in a semi-civilized manner."

"It's not a problem," said the man at my shoulder, with something disagreeably like a sneer.

"Then let's not make it one," I protested.

The man behind me was the first to drop into the empty seat on my left. The other man crossed to the farther side of the table, still watching me closely. Then he felt for the chair, and slowly sank into it; but not once did he take his eyes from my face. I was glad that our circle had become a compact one, for the five of us were now ranged sufficiently close about the table to fence off our little white-linen kingdom of dissension from the rest of the room.

"That man's armed, remember!" the jewel thief suddenly cried to the stranger on my left. He spoke both warningly and indignantly. His flash of anger, in fact, seemed an uncontrollable one.

"Where's your gun?" asked the quiet-eyed man at my side. His own hand was in his pocket, I noticed, and there was a certain malignant line of purpose about his mouth which I did not at all like.

Yet I was able to laugh a little as I put the magazine revolver down on the table; it had memories which were amusing.

The quick and dexterous motion with which he removed that gun, however, was even more laughable. Yet my returning sense of humor in no way impressed him.

"Where'd you get that gun?" he inquired.

I nodded my head toward the white-faced man opposite me. "I took it away from your friend there," was my answer.

"And what else did you take?"

There was something impressive about the man's sheer impersonality. It so kept things down to cases.

"This pearl necklace with the ruby clasp," I answered.

"Why?" demanded my interlocutor.

"Because he stole it," was my prompt retort. The big man was silent for a moment.

"From whom?"

"From the lady you have the honor of facing," I answered.

"Where?" was his next question.

I told him where. He was again silent for a second or two.

"D'you know who this man is?" he said, with a curt nod toward his white-faced colleague.

"Yes," I answered.

"What is he?"

"He's a jewel thief."

The two men stared at each other. Then the man at my side rubbed his chin

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between a meditative thumb and forefinger. He was plainly puzzled. He began to take on human attributes, and he promptly became a less interesting and impressive figure. He looked at Alice Churchill and at her brother, and then back at me again.

Then, having once more absently caressed his chin, he swung about and faced the wondering and silent girl who sat opposite him.

"Excuse me, miss, but would you mind answering a question or two?"

It was her brother who spoke before she had time to answer.

"Wait," he interposed. "Just who are you, anyway?"

The man, for answer, lifted the lapel of his coat and exhibited a silver badge.

"Well, what does that mean?" demanded the quite unimpressed youth.

"That I'm an officer."

"What kind—a detective?"

"Yes."

"For what? For this place?"

"No, for the Maiden Lane Protective Association."

"Well, what's that got to do with us?"

The large-bodied man looked at him a little impatiently.

"You'll understand that when the time comes," was his retort. "Now, young lady," he began again, swinging back to the puzzled girl, "do you say you lost a necklace in that theater box?"

The girl nodded. "Yes, I must have," she answered, looking a little frightened.

"And you say it was stolen from you?"

"No, I didn't say that. I had my necklace on when I was in the box—both Benny and I know that."

"And it disappeared?"

"Yes."

"When,"

"I noticed it was gone when I sat down at the table here."

The dominating gentleman turned round to me.

"You saw the necklace from the second box?" he asked.

"I did," was my answer.

"And you saw it disappear?" he demanded.

"I saw when it disappeared," I retorted.

The jewel thief with the crumpled shirt front tried to break in at this juncture, but the bigger man silenced him with an impatient side swing of the hand.

"When was that?" he continued.

"What difference does it make?" I calmly inquired, resenting the brusqueness of his interrogations.

He stopped short and looked up at me. Then the first ghost of a smile, a patient and almost sorrowful smile, came to his lips.

"Well, we'll go at it another way. You witnessed this man across the table take the necklace from the young lady?"

"It practically amounts to that."

"That is, you actually detected him committing this crime?"

"I don't think I said that."

"But you assumed he committed this crime?"

"Rather."

"Just when was it committed?"

"During what they call a dark change in the first act."

"You mean the necklace was on before that change, and gone when the lights were turned on again?"

"Precisely."

"And the position and actions of this man were suspicious to you?"

"Extremely so."

"In what way?"

"In different ways."

"He had crowded suspiciously close to the wearer of the necklace?"

"He had."

"And his eyes were glued on it during the early part of that act?"

"They certainly were."

"And you watched him?"

"With almost as much interest as he watched the necklace."

"And after the dark change, as you call it, the lady's neck was bare?"

"It was."

"You're sure of this?"

"Positive."

"And what did this man across the table do?"

"Having got what he was after, he hurried out of the theater and made his escape—or tried to make his escape."

"It embarrassed him, I suppose, to have you studying him so closely?"

"He certainly looked embarrassed."

"Of course," admitted my interrogator. Then he sighed deeply, almost contentedly, after which he sat with contemplative and pursed-up lips.

"I guess I've got this whole snarl now," he complacently admitted. "All but one kink."

"What one kink?" demanded Benny Churchill.

The man at my side did not answer him. Instead, he got up.

"I want you to come with me," he had the effrontery to remark, with a curt head-nod in my direction.

"I much prefer staying here," I retorted. And for the second time, he smiled his saddened smile.

"Oh, it's nothing objectionable," he explained. "Nobody's going to hurt you. And we'll be back here in ten minutes."

"But, oddly enough, I have rooted objections to deserting my guests."

"Your guests won't be sorry, I imagine," he replied, as he looked at his silver turnip of a watch. "And we're losing good time."

"Please go," said Alice Churchill, emboldened, apparently, by some instinctive conclusion which she could not, or did not, care to explain. And she was backed up, I noticed, by a nod from her brother.

I also noticed, as I rose, that I still held the necklace in my hand. I was a little puzzled as to just what to do with it.

"That," said the sagacious stranger, "you'd better leave here. Let the young lady keep it until we get back. And you, Fessant," he went on, turning to the belligerent-lipped jewel thief, "you stay right here and make yourself pleasant. And without bein' rude, you might see that the young lady and her brother stay right here with you."

Then he took me companionably by the arm and led me away.

"What's the exact meaning of all this?" I inquired as we threaded our course out to the cab stand and went dodging westward along Forty-third street in a taxi. The rain, I noticed thru the fogged window, was still falling.

"I want you to show me exactly where that man sat in that box," was his answer. "And two minutes in the theater will do it."

"And what good," I inquired "is that going to do me?"

"It may do you a lot of good," he retorted, as he flung open the cab door.

"I feel rather sorry for you if it doesn't," was my answer as I followed him out. We had drawn up before a desolate-looking stage door over which burned an even more desolate-looking electric bulb. The man turned and looked at me with a short ghost of a grunt, more of disgust than contempt.

"You're pretty nifty, aren't you, for a New York edition of Jesse James?"

And without waiting for my answer he began kicking on the shabby-looking stage door with his foot. He was still kicking there when the door itself was opened by a man in a gray uniform, obviously the night watchman.

"Hello, Tim!" said the one.

"Hello, Bud!" said the other.

"Doorman gone?"

"'Bout an hour ago!"

Then ensued a moment of silence.

"Burnside say anything was turned in?"

"Didn't hear of it!" was the watchman's answer.

"My friend here thinks he's left something in a box. Could you let us thru?"

"Sure," was the easy response. "I'll throw on the house-lights for youse. Watch your way!"

He preceded us thru a maze of painted canvas and what looked like the backs of gigantic picture frames. He stepped aside for a moment to turn on a switch. Then he opened a narrow door covered with sheet iron, and we found ourselves facing the box entrances.

My companion motioned me into the second box while he stepped briskly into that nearer the footlights.

"Now, the young lady sat there," he said, placing the gilt chair against the brass railing. Then he sat down in it, facing the stage. Having done so, he took off his hat and placed it on the box floor. "Now you show me where the man sat."

I placed the chair against the plush-covered parapet and dropped into it.

"Here," I explained, "within two feet of where you are."

"All right!" was his sudden and quite unexpected rejoinder. "That's enough! That'll do!"

He reached down and groped about for his hat before rising from the chair. He brushed it with the sleeve of his coat absently, and then stepped out of the box.

"We'd better be getting back," he called to me from the sheet-iron covered doorway.

"Back to what?" I demanded, as I followed him out thru the canvas-lined maze again, feeling that he was in some way tricking me, resenting the foolish mystery which he was flinging about the whole foolish maneuver.

"Back to those guests of yours, and some good old-fashioned common sense," was his retort.

But during the ride back to Sherry's he had nothing further to say to me. His answers to the questions I put to him were either evasive or monosyllabic. He even yawned, yawned openly and audibly, as he drew up at the carriage entrance of that munificently lighted hostelry. He now seemed nothing more than a commonplace man tired out at the completion of a commonplace task. He even seemed a trifle impatient at my delay as I waited to check my hat and coat—a formality in which he did not join me.

"Now, I can give you people just two minutes," he said, as the five of us were once more seated at the same table and he once more consulted his turnip of a watch. "And I guess that's more'n we'll need."

He turned to the man and tired-eyed girl, who, only too plainly, had not altogether enjoyed her wait.

"You've got the necklace?" he asked.

She held up a hand from which the string of graduated pearls dangled. The man then turned to me.

"You took this string of pearls away from this man?" he asked, with a quick nod toward the jewel thief.

"I assuredly did," was my answer.

"Knowing he had taken them from this young lady earlier in the evening?"

"Your assumption bears every mark of genius!" I assured him.

He turned back to the girl. "Is that your necklace?" he curtly demanded.

The girl looked at me with clouded and troubled eyes. We all felt, in some foolish way, that the moment was a climatic one.

"No!" she answered, in a little more than a whisper.

"You're positive?"

She nodded her head without speaking. The man turned to me.

"Yet you followed this man, assaulted him and forcibly took that necklace away from him?"

"Hold on!" I cried, angered by that calmly pedagogic manner of his. "I want you to un——"

He stopped me with a sharp move of the hand.

"Don't go over all that!" he said. "It's a waste of time. The point is, that necklace is not your friend's. But I'm going to tell you what it is. It's a duplicate of it, stone for stone. The lady, I think, will agree with me on that. Am I right?"

The girl nodded.

"Then what the devil's this man doing with it?" demanded Benny Churchill, before any of us could speak.

"S'pose you wait and find out who this man is!"

"Well, who is he?" I inquired, resolved that no hand, however artful, was going to pull the wool over my eyes.

"This man," said my imperturbed and big-shouldered friend, "is the pearl-matcher for Cohen and Greenhut, the Maiden Lane importers. Wait, don't interrupt me. Miss Churchill's necklace, I understand, was one of the finest in town. His house had an order to duplicate it. He took the first chance, when the pearls had been matched and strung, to see that he'd done his job right."

"And you mean to tell me," I cried, "that he hung over a box rail and lifted a string of pearls from a lady's neck just to——"

"Hold on there, my friend," cut in the big-limbed man, "He found this lady was going to be in that box and wearin' that necklace."

"And having reviewed its chaste beauty, he sneaked out of his own box and ran like a chased cur!"

"Hold your horses now! Can't you see that he thought you were the crook? If you had a bunch of stones like that on you and a stranger butted in and started trailin' you, wouldn't you do your best to melt away when you had a chance?" demanded the officer.

Then he looked at me again with his wearily uplifted eyebrows. "Oh, I guess you were all right as far as your went, but, like most amateurs, you didn't go quite far enough!"

It was Benny Churchill who spoke up before I could answer. His voice, as he

(Continued on Page 27.)

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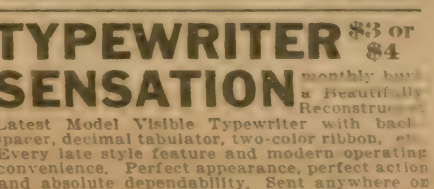

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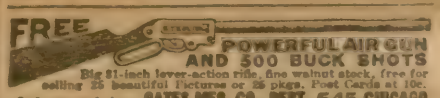
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Stories for the Ledger Boys and Girls

A Lost Child.

NOBODY ever called this tiny child Beth or Bess or Betty. She was such a solemn little creature that Elizabeth, tho quite a mouthful, suited her best. She took life seriously, this maiden of five summers, and brooded over many things as she sat in a diminutive rocker which her mother had secured at the hotel for her special accommodation.

It was a great summer hotel in a fashionable watering place, where the Eldridges were stopping until they secured a permanent boarding house for the summer. Meanwhile Elizabeth had been having a good time, for she was popular with every one from the head waiter to the elevator boy. Indeed, her own heart turned to the elevator boy, and she often thought how lonely he would be without a little girl to say "Good morning" to him each day.

When the time of parting came Elizabeth was very sad indeed. She felt that she couldn't bear to leave her elevator boy, and I'm afraid she cried the least little bit when he shook hands with her. But she never forgot him, and after they left the hotel she often spoke of him to the cook's little girl.

It is very nice if one is in a large boarding house to know the cook's little girl. The acquaintanceship brought Elizabeth many outside treats in the kitchen, and here, too, she made friends as she did in the hotel.

One afternoon Elizabeth was missing; so was the cook's little girl. They were not to be found upon the premises, and soon the alarm spread from house to house along the street. Elizabeth's nurse was frantic; she had gone indoors to get a glass of water, leaving Elizabeth leaning over the railing of the low veranda, talking to the cook's little girl. When she came back, both children had disappeared as completely, as if the earth had swallowed them up.

All the afternoon they hunted, going from house to house, from store to store. Mr. Eldridge roused the little town, sending scouts in all directions. Many things might have happened; they might have fallen in the lake, they might have been run over, or, worst of all, they might have been carried off by one of the small bands of gypsies infesting the region and held for ransom. Mr. and Mrs. Eldridge were distracted, and the cook folded her arms and wept and wailed while dinner waited.

But the nurse, who stood wringing her hands, stopped suddenly, for she had an idea. She ran out of the house straight across the velvety common, to the hotel from which they had moved only a few days before. She was quite out of breath when she reached the elevator, meaning to ring and question the boy. But there was no need, for there, seated side by side, she found Elizabeth and the cook's little girl, serenely content and chatting away as if there were no such things as distressed parents and sympathetic neighbors.

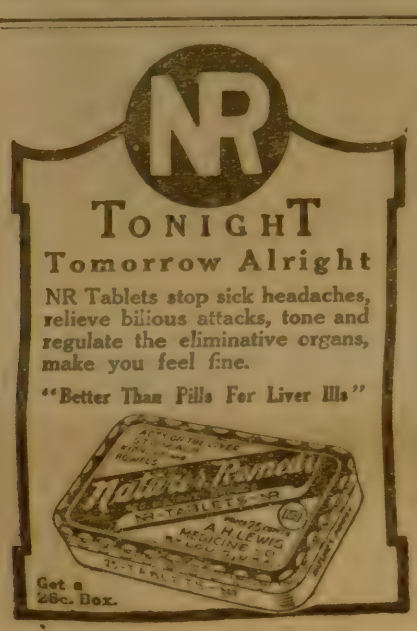
Elizabeth looked up with a start as she saw the nurse.

"Have you come for me?" she asked. "Please, nurse, let me stay for one more time? George has taken me up and down seventeen times, and we've had such fun."

"You're to come home at once, you naughty child! To think of the state we've been in!" exclaimed nurse.

Doubtful.

THE teacher was trying to give her pupils an illustration of the word "perseverance." "What is it," she asked, "that carries a man along rough roads and smooth roads, up hill and down, thru the jungles of doubt and thru the swamps of despair?" There was a silence, and then Johnny, whose father was an automobile dealer, spoke up. "Please, ma'am," he said, "there ain't no such automobile."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Cordelia and King Lear

MANY years ago in Britain there lived a very sweet and beautiful girl named Cordelia. There is no doubt we would love her if she were living today, she was so kind and gentle, and so good to her old father, who was the King of Britain.

Cordelia's father's name was Lear, and by the time he was 80 he was so feeble and so tired of the cares of ruling, he decided to divide his kingdom among his three daughters, for he had no sons, and live quietly the rest of his days. So King Lear told them he would give the largest share to the one who loved him most.

Goneril and Regan had married and were duchesses, and lived in big castles, but they were greedy and selfish. King Lear called all three of them in to his throne and asked them how much they loved him, and right away Goneril and Regan began to say:

"Oh, father, we love you more than our very eyes, more than our very life!"

And then when their father looked pleased they said still more:

"Oh, more than our eyesight, more than our lives, more than all health, or wealth, or—anything."

The King was pleased, and gave each of them a third of his kingdom. Then he turned to Cordelia, whom he loved really better than the others, and whom he wanted to hear tell her love for him.

"And you, Cordelia?" he questioned.

Now Cordelia was different from her sisters. She loved her father very much, but it was hard for her to tell her love.

"And you, Cordelia, how much do you love me?" the old King asked again.

"You know I love you, father," Cordelia replied. "You know I love you dearly."

But her father was not satisfied. "Is there nothing more from you, Cordelia?" he said angrily.

"You know I love you," Cordelia told him again, but King Lear went mad with anger, and stormed at her, and drove her from the room, and told her she should not have a penny.

Poor Cordelia! She was very, very sad. But altho she had no money the King of France loved her for her sweet disposition and her kind heart, and he begged her to be his Queen. So she married him and went away to France to live, and altho she had a beautiful palace and fine dresses and jewels and everything to make her happy, she grieved for her father, for she had loved him very much indeed.

King Lear was not happy, either. Goneril and Regan, who had been so quick to tell him over and over how much they loved him, were so unkind to him all the time he was heartbroken. He went to stay part of his time with Goneril at her castle, but she made him and all of his followers miserable and finally drove him away, saying she was tired of him. Lear then went to visit his old friend, the Duke of Gloster.

But Goneril and Regan did not want him to be happy anywhere. They followed him to the Duke of Gloster's castle and called him ugly names and told him he was an old nuisance to everybody.

"Come," the poor king said to his faithful jester, "I can stand it no longer. We will go."

And altho the night was black as pitch and a terrible storm was brewing, he and the jester wandered out into the darkness and the daughters were glad to see him go.

On and on they went, the faithful jester leading his master, for his eyes were too old to see in the dark. The jester spoke kindly to him, and told him not to be afraid, and tried to pick the smooth road for the old man to walk in. The night got blacker and blacker. The storm overtook them, and thundered upon them. They wandered on to a wild and lonely heath, where there were no paths. They groped their way blindly for a while, and finally stumbled on to a miserable hut, where they spent the rest of the night.

The Earl of Gloster tried to help Lear again, and when he heard that Cordelia was with the French army that had gathered at Dover to fight the English, he sent him to her. And, oh, how glad she was to see her old father, and what good care she took of him!

"I will take good care of you, father," she told him over and over, and so she did until they were both taken captive by the English, and Cordelia was killed.

Poor old King Lear! He could not be comforted, and yet he seemed to understand as he never had before the beauty of his daughter's character. So it was, that Cordelia, in dying, won the whole kingdom of her father's love.

When the war was over the people begged Lear to take back his throne and rule them again, but he refused, saying he wanted only to rest. His wicked daughters were dead, and Regan's husband, the Duke of Cornwall. The Duke of Albany, Goneril's husband, who had always been kind to him, took care of him, and saw to it that neither he nor his faithful friends wanted for anything.

Who Hattie's New Neighbor Was

SOME people were moving into the house next door, and Hattie sat on the garden seat, where she could see plainly all the movements on the new neighbor's front porch. The house had been vacant for nearly a year and Hattie had wished many times that somebody would just come there to live. The people who lived there before had a little girl about Hattie's age, and they had had such fun together. It would be so nice if these new neighbors had a little girl who could play with her as Laura did. Hattie swung her feet and looked anxiously to see if she could see a tricycle or a doll carriage—anything that would tell the new neighbors had a little girl. While she sat watching she heard distinctly across the garden a voice calling: "Mamma! Mamma! Where's papa?"

Hattie bounced down off the seat and ran into the house.

"Oh, mamma," she cried, running upstairs. "I think our neighbors have a little girl, because I heard her say 'mamma.' May I go over and see her?"

"Not today, my dear," replied Hattie's mamma. "They are just moving in and will be too busy to have company. Wait until they are settled, and then you may go over and play with the little girl."

Just then Winnie Lawrence came for Hattie to go and play with her, and the little new neighbor was forgotten until the next day. But when Hattie watched and listened again, tho she could not see anything of any little girl, she was sure she had heard her and had even found out her name. The little girl next door was crying real hard. And in the midst of her crying she stopped and screamed, "Mamma! Mamma! I want to go to Chicago. Where's papa?" And then she cried harder than ever.

"I wonder," thought Hattie, with a very serious face, "if that little girl's mamma is cross to her. Why does she want to go to Chicago? It's much nicer here."

Just then a lady appeared upon the porch next door. Hattie watched eagerly to see if a little girl wouldn't follow, but only a wailing voice sounded from the house—"Mamma! Mamma!"—and more sobs.

"What do you want, Laura?" asked the lady.

"I want to go to Chicago." The little voice was very pitiful.

"Not today, Laura." And the lady began to sweep the litter from the steps.

Hattie rushed into the house. "Mamma, there's a little girl next door and her name is Laura. Isn't it funny that another Laura should come next door? Mamma, mayn't I go over and see her now? I think they are all settled because the lady is sweeping off the steps."

"No," said her mamma, smiling at Hattie's eagerness. "I wouldn't go over there yet to play. I think it might bother Laura's mamma. But you may go over and ask her to let Laura come over and play with you—perhaps that would be a help."

Away Hattie ran across the garden and lawn and up the neighbor's steps, where Laura's mamma was still sweeping. She stopped as she saw Hattie come running up. "Good morning, little girl. Are you my little neighbor?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Hattie, "and I came to see if your little girl could come over and play with me. Mamma said I might ask you."

The lady looked puzzled. "But I have no little girl," she said, smiling down into Hattie's eager face.

Hattie was just going to say: "I heard her, and her name is Laura." Then she thought that wouldn't be polite, and she didn't know just what to say, when all of a sudden the same sobs and cries she had heard before sounded from the house, and the same wailing voice called: "Mamma! Where's papa?"

A triumphant look came into Hattie's face and she looked up at the lady.

"Oh! I see," said Laura's mamma, smiling. "You want to see Laura. Come in." And, taking Hattie's hand, she led her into the house.

Hattie's mamma wondered if her little girl was going to forget what she had told her about people being very busy when they were moving, for Hattie didn't come right back. So she went down to the porch and whistled the soft "bob white," which was her call for Hattie to come home.

And the little girl came running across the yard and bounded up the steps. "Oh, mamma!" she cried, all out of breath, "what do you think! Laura isn't any little girl at all—just a big green bird that cries like a baby and talks like a little girl."

Why the Owl Has Big Eyes.

THE owl used to be the king of the bird race and he judged all cases of importance.

But as his eyes were small he often overlooked matters quite necessary to his subjects.

At last they decided to expel him if he could not prove within three days that he was worthy to be their king and judge.

Now tho the owl's eyes were very small, he could see in the dark and on the last night of the three he was flying thru a deep woods he heard some one crying for help.

He flew on and on and at last he saw a small stream of sparkling water from which the voice seemed to come and as his eyes were small he opened them bigger and bigger till at last he saw a lily floating on the stream. There was a tiny fairy queen tied to the stem of the lily.

The owl flew quickly to her. With his strong bill he soon untied her. She thanked him and asked him if she could not do something for him.

At last his chance had come. He asked her to make his eyes big so that he could see everything and be wise enough to be the king of the birds.

She granted his wish and his eyes to this day are very big.

In Regular Order.

THEY were having a lesson in history at a public school. The teacher was examining the pupils on the subject of British sovereigns.

"Who came after Henry VIII.?" asked the teacher.

"Edward VI.," answered a pupil.

"Right. And who succeeded Edward VI.?"

"Mary," aswered the second little bright eyes.

"Correct, and who came after Mary?"

There was a puzzled pause. Then a pupil who had heretofore not contributed much to the progress of learning had an inspiration. He raised his hand and, being called on, answered triumphantly:

"The little lamb!"

A Dandy Combination.

LITTLE BOBBY—"Oh, uncle, if you'n me was put together couldn't we have a fine dinner?"

Fond Fat Uncle—"Why, how's that, Bobby?"

Little Bobby—"Why, a fellow as hungry as me and as roomy as you could sure stow away some.

MAKES FORDS START EASY

A new Gas Generator, which heats the manifold, vaporizes the gas and makes instant ignition possible has been invented by the Bear Mfg. Co., 40 Bear Bldg., Rock Island, Ill. This simple and inexpensive device does away with hot water makeshifts, etc., and gives you a "ready to start" motor in the coldest weather. It also saves 10 cents a gallon on gasoline because with it you can use the cheapest gasoline all winter. If you want to try this great trouble and money saver send them $1.50 and they will send you one of these remarkable devices postpaid under a guarantee of satisfaction or money back. Write them today. Dealers wanted.—Adv.

Gray Hair Banished

Kolor-Bak positively guaranteed to restore your gray hair to its original color. Not a dye or stain. Cures dandruff in 2 applications, stops falling hair. Harmless, colorless, stainless. Pay nothing if it fails. Write Kolor-Bak Products Co., 63 West Washington St., Dept. 1203 Chicago, for free book and positive proof.—Adv

FREE ASTHMA REMEDY

D. J. Lane, a chemist at 115 Lane Bldg., St. Mary's, Kansas, manufactures a remedy for asthma in which he has so much confidence that he sends a $1.25 bottle by mail to anyone who will write him for it. His offer is that he is to be paid for it if it cures, and the one taking the treatment is to be the judge.

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1858 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 481, Blairsville, Pa.

In Bohemia

By George Munson

"HOW do you like Bohemia, Miss Lane?" inquired Sanford of the party.

Dorothy Lane drew in her breath. "I think it is just heavenly," she said, watching the lights and the dancers in the cabaret. "And to think I lived all my life without knowing that these things exist!"

"They're all very well in their way," answered Sanford. "Only don't estimate them beyond their real value, Miss Lane."

Dorothy had persuaded her parents, who were rich, to give her a year in New York. Ostensibly she was studying at an art school; but if you had questioned her and she had been honest, she would have told you that she was studying life.

A young man, dressed in the extremity of fashion, who had been executing a dance with a slim blonde, came up and sat down at the table.

"I'm dry," he remarked, addressing all the party, tho his eyes rested on Dorothy.

"What'll you have?" asked Sanford, smiling.

"Absinthe," answered the young man. "Hello! Excuse me a moment."

While he was gone to speak to his late partner, Sanford turned to Dorothy.

"It's the way of Bohemia," he said. "Introductions aren't considered necessary. You don't mind?"

"Oh, I think it's delightfully unconventional," the girl answered.

When the young man came back he drifted into an earnest conversation with Dorothy, after drinking the strange, greenish-white liquid which was supplied him. He asked her to dance. The girl, in exhilaration, seemed to float over the boards. And when the dance was over the young man and she sat down in a corner behind a screen, under a palm.

He was the son of an English nobleman, he told her. But for family reasons the marriage had to be kept quiet. He had borne the undeserved stigma upon his birth at his dead mother's plea. His father had refused to acknowledge him. He did not like the life in the cabaret. But one had to live.

Dorothy listened in a trance. Such things, then, happened in real life, and not merely in books! It seemed impossible. In a moment kindly Sanford was forgotten. Sanford, well-meaning, and a good friend to her, had taken her to the Cabaret Richelieu at her request to see "something of the shady side of life." He thought the inexperienced girl more worldly than she was. Had he understood nothing would have induced him to take her, with the party of friends, to such a place.

The young man's soulful blue eyes seemed unutterably sad. "May I hope to meet you again?" he asked.

"Perhaps," breathed Dorothy.

"When?"

"Tomorrow night."

It was settled, and the girl's heart beat fast as he led her back to the table, where Sanford gave her a kindly scolding for sitting out with the man. He did not know the secret of his birth, and Dorothy felt honored in keeping it to herself. Sanford took her home, laughed at her enthusiasm, and said good-by. He never dreamed what plan was in Dorothy's head.

On the next night Dorothy, innocent, went to the cabaret alone. Timidly she sat at a table. She did not know what to order. Before she had answered the waiter, a young man came up to her and invited her to dance. The leer on his face struck Dorothy cold with terror.

Suddenly, with a bound, her friend of the night before was at her side.

"Get out of here!" he stormed at the other, who withdrew grudgingly. A moment later Dorothy saw him laughing with the slim blond woman. It might have seemed curious, but all her attention was concentrated on the young man at her side.

She told him her own story, of the pent-in life in the country home, her rich old father, absorbed in money-making, her loneliness in New York.

"But you need an escort," said the young man. "May I be privileged to

"May I Be Privileged to Call Myself Your Friend?"

call myself your friend? I can show you life—the real life . . ."

On the next evening he called for her in a taxicab and took her to half a dozen cabarets. Dorothy had an impression of a whirl of music, dancing and laughter. The young man had no change and Dorothy paid the taxicab bill—twenty-two dollars. She had an idea that the cab driver smiled when he took the young man home.

St. Clair—that was his name—had explained how his share of his grandfather's property was being held up pending a lawsuit. It would be a matter of a few weeks only. Dorothy, with all the money she needed, had offered to be his banker. The next day she bought him a diamond pin. He had said he had lost his pin. How surprised he would be at the gift!

He was. And, always respectful, he took her here and there and everywhere. The girl's eyes were opening fast. Their comradeship, so frank and friendly, took on a softer note. She let him hold her hand. Once he kissed it, and she thrilled with happiness.

He was to call and take her to a private theatrical entertainment—very exclusive, very elite. Dorothy was surprised that it was to be given in a private house, but she went upstairs without demur. They were the first guests. Excusing himself a moment, the young man withdrew, leaving the girl alone in the dimly-lit room.

It was a two-room apartment, with a curtain in the middle. Dorothy began to grow uneasy. She heard footsteps—and suddenly two men and a woman—the slim blonde—burst in.

"There she is!" shrieked the woman. "Oh, you hussy! I'll teach you—I'll tear your eyes out——"

She struggled wildly in the grip of the men, while Dorothy, white with terror, waited mutely.

"Well, miss; we've trapped you," said one of the men. "We are detectives from the Dolf agency. If you've got any friends you'd best communicate with them, for Mrs. Seaforth here means to prosecute her divorce suit thru thick and thin."

Before Dorothy had quite taken in his meaning the second man, seizing advantage while his comrade struggled with the blonde, came quickly up to Dorothy.

"Five hundred will square it, and we'll swear we never found you," he whispered. "Come, give me your note—all your money and an I. O. U. It's safest, and you won't have any publicity."

At last the girl realized the trap into which she had fallen. Half fainting, she clung to the window curtains, her eyes fixed mutely on the scoundrel's face.

Suddenly the door burst open, and there stood Sanford—kindly Sanford, now red with rage, and wielding a revolver.

"Get out of here—the pack of you!" he snarled.

With wonderful speed the blonde, recovering, shot thru the doorway, followed by the two confederates.

Sanford held Dorothy in his arms.

"There, my dear!" he said, stroking her hair. "I was to blame. I felt uneasy and followed things up. Those rogues had laid a trap for you. I know, I know."

And, half supporting her, he led her from Bohemia.

* * *

Like Old Si.

JAMES HOPPER, the war correspondent, who broke all war correspondent records by going "over the top" with the doughboys at Cantigny, has a hatred of faking.

At a fish dinner at Prunier's, in Paris, a faking correspondent denied that he had ever written any fakes.

"Well, George," said Hopper, "maybe you're like old Si Peacham.

"'I'm 89 years of age,' said old Si in the general store, 'and I don't remember ever to have told a lie.'

"The general storekeeper gave a rasp.

"'Well, Si,' he said, 'nobody expects you to have much of a memory at your age.'"

* * *

A Perfect 66.

HOGAN MORRISSEY, the rotund and good-natured secretary of the K. of C. station at Camp Wright, was obliged to go round in his civilian apparel for several days after his arrival at camp, owing to difficulties with the tailor.

It seemed that Hogan found his khaki breeches lamentably tight, and with keen sense of preparedness, instructed the post tailor to put a "V" in the seat.

But even then the breeches proved uncomfortable and Hogan sent them back and grabbed the phone:

"Say, Mr. Tailor, and will ye mind changin' that 'V' to a 'W' for me?"

* * *

Use Your Own Judgment.

THERE is a regular Army captain at Yaphank who was born for diplomatic service. Among the draft men from New York who came under his notice was a chap who proclaimed himself a constitutional pacifist.

"I don't believe in war," he declared. "I won't fight! I won't fire a gun to kill a human being, and there's no use in keeping me in the Army."

"That's all right," answered the captain, patting the lad patronizingly on the back. "Just drill along with the boys, and when you get to the other side you can use your own judgment."

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Give way before the penetrating effects of Sloan's Liniment

So do those rheumatic twinges and the loin-aches of lumbago, the nerve-inflammation of neuritis, the wry neck, the joint wrench, the ligament sprain, the muscle strain, and the throbbing bruise.

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YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness, or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Pain or ache left side, Sinking or Smothering Sensation, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy or Swelling effect or ankles? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets. Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Probably three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't take any chances when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach. More than 1000 grateful women have furnished.

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Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 951, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Do not delay as this is generous. Write at once—to-day.

THIS BIG DOLL Only 25 CENTS

To introduce our Christmas specialties, will send to readers of this paper, who send 25 cents (coin or stamps) this beautiful doll, about 15 inches high, dressed in 4 changes. A child will love this doll. Will send doll and 4 outfits FREE.

Roseland Novelty Co., 50 Park Place, New York City

Don't Send a Penny

These Len-Mort work and outdoor shoes are such wonderful values that we gladly send them, no money down. You will find them so well made and so stylish and such a big money saving bargain that you will surely keep them. So don't hesitate. Just fill out and mail the coupon. We will send a pair of your size. No need for you to pay higher prices when you can buy direct from us—and know what you are getting before you pay even a penny. Why pay out $5.00 and $6.00 for shoes not near so good? Act now. Mail the coupon today while this special offer holds good.

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We can't tell you enough about these shoes here. This shoe is built to meet the demand of an outdoor city workers' shoe as well as for the modern farmer. Send and see for yourself what they are. Built on stylish lace Blucher last. The special tanning process makes the leather proof against the acid in milk, manure, soil, gasoline, etc. They outwear 3 ordinary pairs of shoes. Your choice of wide, medium or narrow. Very flexible, soft and easy on the feet. Made by a special process which leaves all the "life" in the leather and gives it wonderful wear-resisting quality. Double leather soles and heels. Dirt and waterproof tongue. Heavy chrome leather tops. Just slip them on and see if they are not the most comfortable, easiest, most wonderful shoes you ever wore. Pay $3.85 for shoes on only $3.— arrival. If, after careful examination, you don't find them all you expect, send them back and we will return your money. No questions on you. This is at our risk, not yours.

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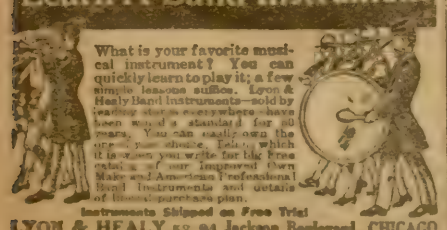

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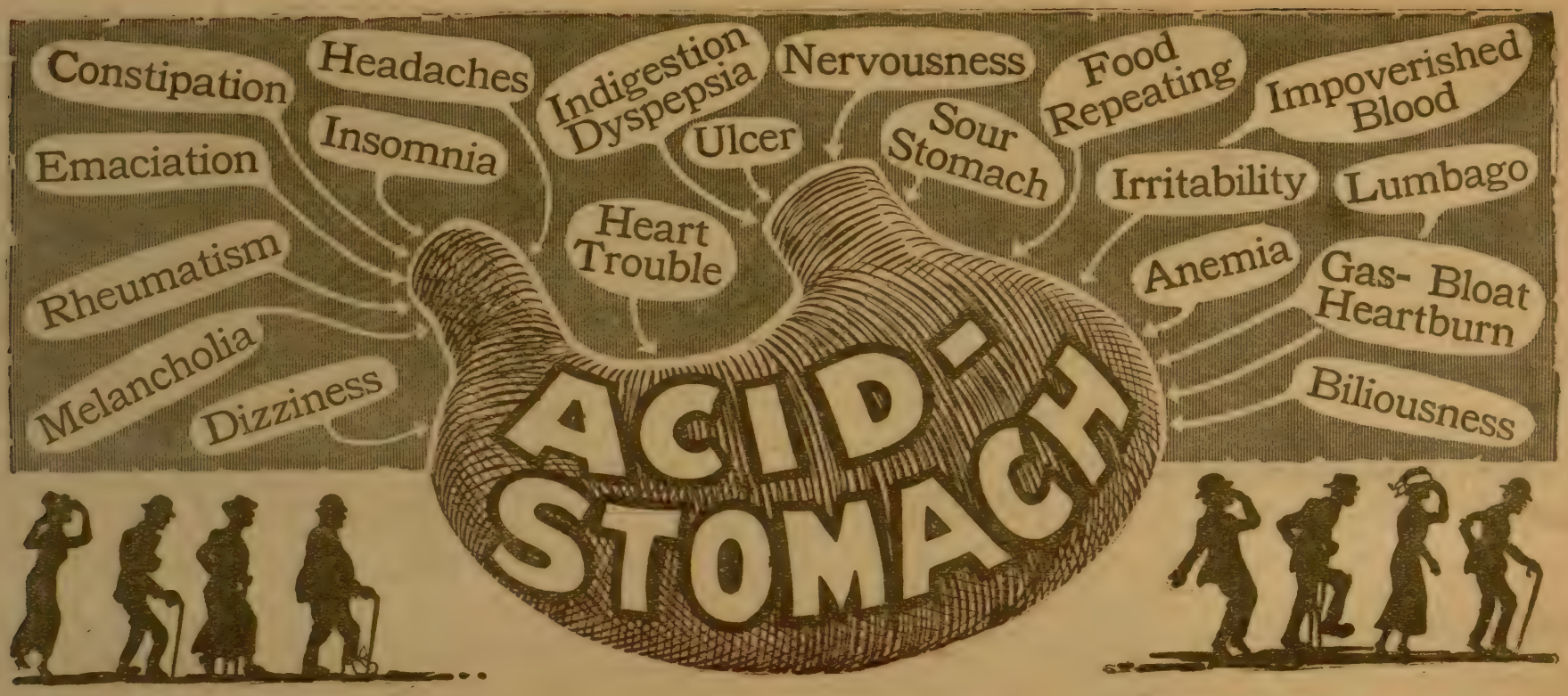

Drives the Joy Out of Life

The New Year—1919—Dawns! May it be a happy prosperous one for you and yours—is our wish.

To Get It All—the Best Out of Life—let us warn you to look after your stomach. If you are a sufferer, start getting rid of your Acid-Stomach—**Today.** Don't take it into the New Year with you, for no matter how hard you work, or how big the results, the despondency that comes with stomach miseries surely take the joy out of life.

The Brightest Day—the sweetest music—family—friends—the whole world seems wrong when the stomach gets out of fix. **Joy surely goes out of life when Acid-Stomach comes in.**

The Long List of Awful Miseries that it brings to suffering humanity—the mental depression, the despondency, the hopeless despair, the "blues" of the Acid-Stomach victim, are about the worst that man is called upon to suffer.

Acid-Stomach a Real Danger

No one is alarmed by an occasional attack of indigestion, heartburn, belching, food-repeating, or that bloated, lumpy feeling after eating, although they are mighty distressing. The real danger lies in what these symptoms lead to.

Read what Mrs. C. L. McTeer, of Ranger, Ga., says:

"Always after meals I had a lump in my throat which caused me to spit; my heart fluttered and sometimes I felt as though I would fall, but since I have taken EATONIC I haven't felt any of these symptoms. I have been down with stomach trouble since May and hadn't enjoyed a meal until I used EATONIC."

E. H. Fleming, of Smithdale, Miss., writes:

"Have derived more benefit from EATONIC than any other medicine I have ever tried Had nervous indigestion for TWENTY YEARS Doctors or medicines never did me any good, and I never received any relief until I used EATONIC."

Jno. C. Fleschutz, Engineer of Mines, Denver, Colo., writes:

"I have taken three boxes of EATONIC tablets and they have entirely cured me; the distressing accumulation of gasses and the heavy feeling of the stomach, as if by magic have disappeared within a three weeks' treatment, though my case was one of three months' standing and did not yield to medicine prescribed by my physician."

Deadly Poisons In Your System

An Acid-Stomach is unable to digest food properly and this causes that miserable, gassy, bloated feeling after eating, indigestion, belching, etc. But that is not all. When that sour, fermented mass of partly digested food passes into the intestines, it produces poisons which, absorbed into the blood and carried through the system, causes auto-intoxication, nervousness, irritability, insomnia, mental depression, dizziness, vertigo, severe headache—very often rheumatism, lumbago and sciatica, cirrhosis of the liver, biliousness—sometimes, even catarrh of the stomach and intestinal ulcers and cancer; in fact, doctors say that over fifty non-organic ailments can be traced to an acid-stomach. It has made millions weak, ailing, listless and unfit, and as YOU value your future life and happiness—**don't let it get hold of you.**

Acid-Stomach Ruins Health Like Acid-Mouth Ruins Teeth

No matter who you are, we say—Guard against the miseries of Acid-Stomach. Right now—this very day, Acid-Stomach may be undermining YOUR health and strength, without your knowing it. There is nothing suprising in this. Most people are not aware of the presence of the acid which forms in the mouth caused by the fermentation of bits of food that lodge in the teeth. This acid is absolutely tasteless, yet powerful enough to eat right through the hard enamel and cause the teeth to decay. Dentists say—get rid of this acid to insure sound teeth. How much more important, is it not—to get rid of Acid-Stomach in order to insure robust, vigorous bodily health.

What wouldn't a sufferer from stomach miseries give to get well, and then write a letter like this one, from Henry Meadows, of Newark, N. J.:

"If the cost of EATONIC were $2.00 a box, I wouldn't be a day without it, because I have suffered with my stomach for two years and no other medicine has cured me like EATONIC."

No Excuse for An Acid-Stomach

For Acid-Stomach and all kinds of stomach miseries EATONIC Tablets remove the pain instantly. You eat them like a bit of candy. Tens of thousands are using EATONIC to keep the stomach clean, sweet and pure—that does not cause the food to sour and ferment—a stomach free from the common miseries of hearty eating. In this strong, healthy condition your stomach acts naturally; you get strength and power out of every mouthful of food you eat. Your body and your mental faculties as well show the effects in renewed vitality.

You run no risk when you take EATONIC. It is made for delicate, sick, worn out stomachs and contains no habit-forming drugs. If it fails, it will not cost you one penny; we have faith in EATONIC and ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE IT.

Eatonic Better Than Hospital Treatment

"I have found EATONIC a great remedy for stomach trouble, indigestion, etc. My wife has been troubled for several years and has tried everything you can name. I sent her to a hospital in Washington this summer and the doctors could not do her any good, but since she has taken **ONE BOX OF EATONIC** she says she feels like a new woman, so I don't want to be without this wonderful medicine."—Wm. A. Brittain, Village P. O., Va.

By keeping the stomach in a healthy condition your general health steadily improves. After a few days use of EATONIC see how much stronger you feel, how much more keenly you relish your food; how soundly you sleep; how all traces of nervousness and irritability disappear. It's just as Mrs. Ida A. Carpenter, of Perry, Ohio, says:

"Life seems worth living to me now that my miserable, gassy stomach is so much better. EATONIC has helped me so much that I shall always speak a good word for it."

Eatonic Brings Instant Relief After 40 Years' Suffering

Read this remarkable letter from G. W. Congdon, Marion, N. D.:

"Have been troubled with stomach trouble for the past FORTY YEARS, but found **INSTANT RELIEF** when I began taking EATONIC. I am 71 years old and my case was a stubborn one."

After using EATONIC only THREE DAYS, Mrs. C. G. Goforth, Union Mills, N. C., writes:

"I have used EATONIC for three days and find it the most wonderful remedy for Acid-Stomach I have ever tried. I have slept better for the last two or three nights than for two or three months."

And this from Mrs. John Aoucher, of Rexville, N.Y.

"I have been a great sufferer with my stomach for three years. The first dose of EATONIC gave me relief."

Get Back Your Health, Strength and Old-Time Vigor

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FOR YOUR STOMACH'S SAKE

Instant Relief From Acid-Stomach

EAST AND WEST

By H. M. Egbert

[Copyright.]

"IT'S never Will Thorpe!"

"That you, Jimmy?"

The two men gazed at each other in half incredulity. Then:

"How you've changed, Will!" exclaimed the easterner.

"I guess I'm wearing clothes that I wouldn't have cared to be seen in at Harvard or in Boston," said Will Thorpe, smiling at his friend.

"I don't mean that," answered Jimmy Tremont. "It's—it's—well, I don't know just what it is!"

Will Thorpe thought about his friend's words that evening when he was alone in his cabin on the mountainside. Had he changed during his three years in the West, beyond the mere physical appearance? He was inclined to think he had. Certainly his tastes seemed to have altered in many ways.

Will Thorpe had been sent West three years before. He had been an extravagant idler; at last his father, who had always dealt with the boy rather harshly, refused to assist him further unless he entered his iron foundry and settled down. Angry words had arisen, and in the end Will had packed his suitcase and gone West with a hundred dollars in his pockets.

His sweetheart, Marion Vansittart, had scolded him for his decision. She had reminded him, petulantly, that she could neither marry a poor man nor wait forever. He had kissed her and told her that he would return with his fortune made. And for a few months she had written. Then her letters became shorter and less frequent; finally they ceased altogether.

It was more than two years since he had heard from her. And gradually the new life had woven itself about him, and he had ceased to care.

Then he had received a mysterious, unsigned message asking him to be at the railway depot at a certain hour, to meet the train. And he had gone, to find Jim Tremont waiting there. Jim was passing thru on his way to California, he told him, and he had heard he was in that part of the country. Did Will know that his father was dead and he was the sole heir to five million dollars? He had better write home quickly, because every one was searching for him, and he had only heard of his address by chance.

"I suppose you'll be back East in a week, and holding out at the club," said Jimmy casually, as he shook hands and said good-by.

It was that that made Will think he had really changed. How could he associate those elusive memories which he had almost forgotten, with this life that had taken possession of him?

He thought of Norma Gale, the daughter of the old homesteader down the valley. How was he to tell her? The girl, educated and refined as were all the people of the district, was utterably unpresentable in the sort of society in which he had moved. She had never worn a gown with a low neck in her life. She would be helpless among a crowd of people such as—Marion Vansittart!

Yet it never occurred to Will that he could do anything but go. It had never entered his mind that he was to stay permanently in the West.

A man on horseback was riding up to his cabin. Will watched him as he approached. Visitors were something of an event in the settlement, and Will knew the rider as the telegraphist in the cluster of houses that had grown up around the depot and was called a city.

"Wire for you, Thorpe!" he announced briefly.

Will took the message and opened it. He stared at it as if he did not understand. It was from Marion. She had learned his address, she said—probably every one could discover the address of a millionaire—and she was passing thru on her way East from the San Francisco Exposition. She would stay an hour while they changed engines. Would he meet her?

"Thanks," said Will to the telegraphist, and watched him ride down the hill.

Yes, he was going East, and going back to Marion. For a moment the old life came rushing over him, with its memories, its thousand allurements. And the new life meant nothing.

He mounted his horse and rode slowly down the valley. He had no destination in mind, but suddenly he realized that he was approaching the homesteader's house. And at the door stood Norma, in sunbonnet.

Rode Slowly Down the Valley.

She greeted him.

"Won't you come in and take some tea?" she asked. "I hear you are going East, Mr. Thorpe."

He dismounted, and now he saw that her lips were trembling. How had she known he was going East? Did news fly as fast in this settlement as in the great world? And what did it matter to her?

"Yes, I am going East, Norma," he answered, taking her hands in his.

"I—I—congratulate you," she answered quietly. But he saw the tears in her eyes.

"You have meant so much to me," he said impulsively. "I hate the thought of going. And yet—it is my duty, I suppose."

"Then you must go," said the girl softly. She was smiling very bravely at him. "Won't you come in?"

"No — I can't now," he said crudely. "Norma, I shall—I shall see you again before I go."

She nodded, and he knew the meaning of her silence. The girl cared for him, and in her unsophisticated way, was incapable of concealment. He saw her walk back quickly into the cabin.

Marion's train was to arrive the following morning. Will rode down to the depot with a heavy heart. The old and the new were tugging at it, and he did not know which pulled him the harder. There were so many memories here—yet the thought of Marion came to him like a flood of sunlight. How he had loved Marion! She had tacitly released him by her silence and yet, doubtless, she would explain that. He would follow her soon. He saw the old life vividly, their marriage, the quiet home in Boston.

The train was pulling in. He had stood on the platform in a sort of daze. Now he awakened suddenly, and he felt his heart beating hard in anticipation. The men about the platform were watching him curiously. He looked into the carriages of the train as it came to a halt. He walked its length. Marion was not there. Had she missed her train?

"Still dreaming, Will?" asked a hard voice over his shoulder.

He started round, to see Marion, with a party of girl friends, dressed in the height of fashion, looking at him with a smile.

"Dear me, I must be very hard to find," she said. "Well! When are you coming home?"

The hardness of her tones struck him like a blow. Surely he had changed out of all recognition if he had ever thought Marion's voice beautiful. The girl whom he had loved to the point of infatuation, stood revealed to him as an artificial, hard young woman, without the slightest charm.

"I think it was very wrong of you not to write to me for so long," she continued. "But I forgive you, Will. We can forgive a man with millions anything, can't we, Dora?"

The girl addressed as Dora murmured something. The whole party was taken aback, not to say shocked, at the sight of this man in the cowboy clothes. And he was a millionaire! He was Will Thorpe, of Harvard and Boston!

Perhaps Marion shrewdly divined the change that occurred in him, for she drew him aside.

"Will, I know I ought to have been more serious," she said. "But you can't think how startling and ridiculous you look, dressed like one of these natives. Listen, Will, and let me explain. I have always cared for you just as much, but I couldn't be engaged to a beggar. You see that for yourself, don't you? And everybody supposed that your father was going to cut you out of his will, instead of leaving you the sole heir. I am just as fond of you, Will."

Will Thorpe looked at her with slowly rising anger. She did not realize what she was saying. Had he ever been like that? Was that the kind of man that he had been; that she so confidently imagined he was still?

"So when are you coming home, Will?" she continued. "When are you coming home to me?" she added softly.

The train conductor blew his whistle. Will looked her full in the face. "Never!" he answered roughly.

The party was moving toward the train. Will saw the look of amazed indignation upon Marion's face. He broke from her. He mounted the horse that was tethered to a post outside the depot. The train was starting. But Will was riding for the mountain slopes, and his "never" rang in his ears like the sound of a chanted chorus.

He flung himself from his horse at the cabin door which hid at that moment all that life held most precious for him.

"Norma!" he shouted, hammering with his knuckles.

He heard her footsteps; he saw her stand before him; he caught her in his arms.

"Norma! I have come home—to you," he cried.

* * *

Romance Everywhere.

THE little stenographer shuffled a pile of filing cards with languid air and looked dreamily at the bookkeeper. "What a lot of romance there is!" she said. "I mean what a lot of possibilities for romance! Now suppose a gust of wind should come in and carry one of these cards down to the street, and a girl should pick it up and see the name! Here's a card with the name and address of Thomas Carlyle, a fascinating name, I think. Seems to me I've heard it somewhere else, but no matter. What if this card should be blown out thru the window?

"Why, that little girl down there would find it, and she'd say, 'It's surely fate!' And she'd take it home to her hall bedroom and dream over it! Yes, I guess she'd carry it around in her purse and snatch it out whenever she was alone, fancying how he looks and wondering what he'd say if she should write him!

"Then, maybe, she'd actually develop the courage to do what her heart dictated, and she would write him!

"And when he got the note 'way off there in his little Western town, he'd sit down and picture to himself what the girl who wrote could be like!"

The little stenographer spoke dreamily and the housekeeper smiled with patient condescension as he listened.

"Then what did this Thomas Carlyle, ranchman, do?" said the bookkeeper, as the little stenographer paused.

"Why," said the little stenographer, "he went up to his little shack, and sat down, and wrote her a delightfully breezy Western letter telling how glorious it was out there! How his ranch was paying, and how he needed some one to share the enjoyment of it all with him! He told how the fruit was ripening and the flowers growing, and how the bungalow was progressing up on the hill! Even as he wrote he could feel her sympathy, and knew that she was counting on his letter!

"And then she would get it! And immediately she would begin to feel that life was entirely worth while again; because somebody at last understood! And moreover that somebody needed her!" She sighed gently with a degree of sentimentality that irritated the bookkeeper.

"Oh—no intermissions for tearful music!" he commanded. "If you want me to sit thru it, hustle along the next reel."

"Well," obediently continued the little stenographer, "they'd correspond, of course, and they'd learn all about each other. He would find that she was getting only $15 a week, and hadn't any home. Immediately he'd write that she had lived this way long enough, and he was coming right up after her!

"And when she'd write back she would not tell him that she wasn't ready or anything so silly, but she would be frank and say that she'd be waiting for him! And——" Again the little stenographer paused, overcome by the affecting vision.

"Well, well!" the bookkeeper deliberately descended from his stool. He strode over to where she sat. He put a paternal hand on the head that was held restfully on her hand. And he smoothed her hair, as he spoke.

"Did she have it so bad?" he said soothingly. "Well, and why didn't she just write to her Tommy Carlyle, and begin things? Why doesn't she sit her right down and prepare for ranch life? Think of the romance you're [illegible] child, while you pine away here, when here's Tommy's address plain as ink!" He lifted the card until it was at a level with her eyes, but she shook her head.

"No," she sighed. "It cannot be. You see, I'm just sorting out the cards of the down-and-outs—those who can't pay their bills even if we go to law. This name Carlyle heads the list! This romance I've been spinning wouldn't do for me, because I know all about the names. I'll have to get mine some other way!" Sighing, she shuffled the cards.

* * *

Auntie's Advice.

"He's pretty slow, auntie, but I wouldn't mind marrying him."

"Well, why don't you slow down a little?"—Judge.

Want *FREE* Offer REPEATED

R. Sproule
pecialist in Ear Troubles

Within the last few days, many Deaf people have asked me to repeat the free offer which I made in Boyce's Weeklies recently to all Deafness sufferers

The letters have been filled with the most pitiful appeals for help. They have told me of the terrible loneliness, the cruel setting aside of the sufferer from the active pleasures and duties of life. "I would rather die, Doctor, than be Deaf, but I know I am doomed" is the burden of many a letter.

Were I to think of only this side of the picture I should be desperate. But almost every one of the letters contained also this. A friend of mine was cured of Deafness by your treatment. Please repeat again that offer of Deafness Treatment Free, that I, too, may see your method. Surely what you have done for others you can do for me."

I have sent the Free treatments. I know only too well with what heartburnings of discouragement the person with the at-first occasional noises in the ear—the occasional Deaf cold—the gradual loss of keen hearing—realizes that he or she is slowly, but surely, being imprisoned in a tomb of silence, none the less horrible because of the fore-warnings. And so, thankful as I am to help these friends of my cured patients, I cannot rest until I say again

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An Old Man's Stratagem

By Frank Filson

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PHILLIPS' theory was that it was better to be a king of a village than the ruler of New York. No less an authority than Julius Caesar had said that before him, in a slightly different shape; but Caesar didn't have to prove it, and Phillips did.

He spent his vacation in a little village, in the Catskills, where the girls from the department stores went. It was a quiet sort of place, and the quieter sort of girls went there. Phillips' vacation, unfortunately, lasted a month.

With a succession of young women coming and going, Phillips, being a gentleman in appearance, and having plenty of money, was in his element. He flirted with all and each, indiscriminately. Naturally, he created a good deal of enmity at the little hotel. Any one can do that, but Phillips thought he was a lady-killer.

I used to watch him from the porch and I wished I were thirty years younger. I should have enjoyed nothing better than to take the young blackguard by the collar, and trounce him soundly. Of course people set out to enjoy themselves, but Phillips had planned it all out before. Besides, the man was outrageous with his dude clothes and his generally offensive air.

But it was none of my business, and I watched the affairs with three or four of the girls to whom Phillips swore eternal devotion, until it came to Dorothy Raines. That set my back up badly.

Dorothy was the niece of the hotelkeeper, and in the summer she helped in the hotel. In the winter, I believe, she taught in the local school. I had gone there several successive summers, and I knew she was engaged to the finest of the young fellows of the town—Ned Walker. In fact, she had confided to me that they meant to get married that fall.

When Phillips spotted her I had to admit that his taste was good. Dorothy would have been a belle if she had been togged up, instead of wearing her simple waist and a skirt of village make. But Dorothy was a sweet girl, and the thought of Phillips winning her heart from Ned and then going complacently away, was too much for me.

Of course the girl couldn't resist the open admiration of the city man. Dorothy wasn't experienced enough to be able to distinguish the gold from the glitter, and Ned hadn't the airs and graces of that man Phillips. Day by day I watched the progress of the flirtation. Ned noticed it, too. One evening there was a quarrel, and presently Dorothy came round in front of the porch, and her eyes were red, as if she had been crying. I saw Ned slouch moodily away, and a few minutes later the girl and Phillips were talking together at the other end of the porch.

Ned was an old friend of mine, and the next day I had a few words with him.

"Ned," I said, "if you had been cut out fairly, I wouldn't waste much sympathy on you. But that blackguard is only amusing himself. That's his fun.

Phillips Thought He Was a Lady-killer.

He wants to break her heart and then go back to the city. I've watched him try it on some of the other girls here. Ned, be a man!"

"I'd like to thrash the fellow!" said Ned, doubling his fists

"Why don't you?" I asked, looking at his husky build. "It would do him good. And it would show Miss Dorothy who's the better man."

"I can't thrash a fellow for taking my girl away," said Ned. "It's up to me to keep her."

"That's true," I answered, "but thrash him for being a blackguard. Thrash him on general principles, Ned."

"What's that?" asked Ned, and I tried to explain. I painted Phillips' character as it appeared to me. "Are you going to let Miss Dorothy's heart get broken?" I inquired. "Of course you'll win her back afterward. But is the game worth the candle, looking at it from the woman's viewpoint?"

"No, sir," said Ned, and I knew that he had made up his mind.

I saw the two together most of the day, and I wondered when Ned would bring off his coup. They were walking in the grounds, and I suppose I had no business to follow Ned when I saw him go after them; but I wanted to see Dorothy's eyes opened, and that is my only excuse for what I did.

I saw Ned go up to the couple and speak to Phillips. I don't know what he said, but I heard Phillips' snort of contempt.

"Can you fight?" Ned demanded next.

"I can whip a dozen like you," Phillips retorted.

"Then I'm going to thrash you on general principles," said Ned, and I could hardly keep from clapping my hands and crying "Bravo!"

Miss Dorothy had hardly recovered from her surprise when the two were at it, hammer and tongs.

I had not expected Phillips to put up much of a fight, but it was a case of Ned doing his best to stop Phillips' rushes. After the first minute Phillips knocked Ned down, and, when he got up, Phillips let him have it again. Ned didn't get home more than once, and in the end Ned was stretched out upon the ground, half unconscious. It had been Phillips from beginning to end, and he handled his fists in a very creditable way.

I suppose it was fear of the publicity, but all the while the girl stood there like a statue, and never moved or spoke. Nobody saw me, and I felt pretty badly to see how my plot had miscarried. Because my idea had been to show the girl what a coward Phillips was, and, instead, it was Ned who got the thrashing.

"Had enough?" sneered Phillips, standing over Ned. Ned groaned; he couldn't raise himself from the ground.

"If this brute has had his lesson,

(Continued on Page 27.)

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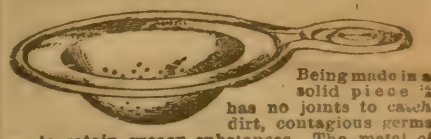

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To test your quickness and to give you a good head start we are printing the auto prize puzzle picture shown to the left. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun to find. Solve the puzzle, mark the faces, fill out the coupon and send it all to us with four cents in stamps to help pay the cost of mailing the special prize we will send you. We will also make you a present of 2,000 free auto votes and tell you all about this splendid five-passenger touring car. We are also going to give away many other prizes.

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My name is.....

P. O., R. F. D., Box No., or St. No.....

Town ..... State .....

The Course of Love

By Florence L. Henderson

[Copyright.]

IT DOES not matter which side had my sympathies. I was strictly a neutral. I was a neutral, as well, in a sense that was humanitarian. I was benefiting Germans and Allies alike, I was under the protection of both, I, Carl Isberg from the far North, but understanding English, French, German and something of Low Dutch besides.

To me, one day, came Professor Abarbanel at Munich. His big goggles took me in affectionately. We had been good friends. More than that, I had been a faithful servant and was proud of it. We had mutually shared much of peril.

"The supply has run out," he announced to me, and I knew what he meant, and my face fell and then expressed an irresistible relief that was born of selfishness—and love.

The supply of what? you will ask. I will reply artictene. That is not the word, but you would understand it no better if I said diatose-radii, or kokan-lubrica. Enough to say that artictene was a drug, the formula of which was held only at Munich by a firm becoming rich, vastly rich, because of the fact.

Her Bulk Was Fairly Enormous.

Its use among the wounded and dying in hospitals at the battle front was the final relief for excruciating pain. It subdued the last pangs of the dying. It was a nepenthe for the tortured, agonized wretch half shot away, and thru its qualities allowed a peaceful, painless death.

How the arrangement was ever cemented I never knew, but Professor Abarbanel, as the distributor for the Munich house, had safe conducts thru the camps of every nation in Europe. The panacea was minute in bulk, and almost priceless. Its vital ingredient was imported, war conditions had shut this out, and the precious supply had "run out," the professor said.

This was not literally true, but it meant that its manufacture had ceased. I was given a proportion of what was left, was to deliver it at Paris, and my labor was done. Other agents were dispatched to Russia, Italy, England. Forestalling what I knew must come, I had got word to Vice-Admiral Burtelle, the father of my fiancee, of my plans. I had the drug and my earnings of well-nigh a year secreted under my shirt. I had other funds at home in America, and was in a position to wed my peerless Adele.

The Polaric, war ship, was to convey me to a point on the Belgian coast, where I was to be landed by small boat. Thence, there was open territory by sea or land to French or English ports, as I chose.

I knew that Vice-Admiral Burtelle was in the vicinity of Aile, a town just beyond the Holland frontier. His present marine command was the charge of the Seeker, an inspection cruiser of small type. It had done some wonders in discovering mines set for the unwary and in venturing, spy fashion, into perilous waters. The craft had extraordinary speed. I did not know if Adele might be with her father. I hoped it and counted on being welcomed by both of them at the seaport town of Vranches, just about one hundred miles over the Belgian border.

We steamed away boldly enough and the night passed and the day broke with smooth, unruffled progress our lot. The Polaric was worth studying in its superb armament, and I was interested in all that I saw. At various points the craft met brother marines and stopped at several ports to disembark some soldiers, to land some ammunition. It was about 3 o'clock in the afternoon when we sighted a bounding, speeding marine flying the tricolor.

There was great animation on deck. The officers were in consultation, their subordinates were sent scurrying from point to point.

"Who is she?" I heard one of the officers sing out to the lookout man.

The answer came definitely: "The Seeker."

I was more than interested. She seemed coming toward us, and one of the big guns was trained in readiness for a try at her.

Just then there was a new commotion. Out from a cliff-guarded inlet there set out one of the largest men-of-war I had ever seen. Her bulk was fairly enormous. She steamed along slowly, clumsily. The officers of the Polaric were manifestly troubled. Then I overheard one of them cry out:

"I see the game!"

"What is it?" sharply challenged his companion officer.

"We have headed off the Seeker, and she is making for the protection of the big marine. Set position to give the little one a shot as she passes in range."

"She is a daring little vixen!"

"Yes, and troublesome—a worry to the admiralty, with her quick ways and daring dodgings. It will be a feather in our cap to end her. Get her sure, and the admiralty will see to promotions."

The Seeker seemed heedless of peril. She seemed resolute to dart past us. The big cruiser seemed to be her goal. I moved nearer to the swivel gun, mounted and leveled. An officer handed me his glass. I looked once and shuddered.

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed, irresistibly.

"What is that?" sharply asked the officer.

"Nothing," I stammered, and handed back the glass. "Thanks!"

I stood electrified upon the gun deck of the Polaric. I had made out the commander of the Seeker, the vice-admiral, and, fearlessly viewing the outlook of collision or attack, was a girl wearing a bright tricolor knot on her left shoulder, a favorite adornment of the girl I loved.

Then Adele was with her father! It was now a race; the Seeker getting to the shelter and protection of the big cruiser before the Polaric could half intervene and get a square shot at her. As the Seeker neared, neared, neared, the Polaric maneuvered. The gunner had his clear poise, for the Polaric had shut down steam and was nearly motionless. As the gunner watched and waited, I followed the swift course of the Seeker with distended eyes and bated breath.

I saw the Seeker come squarely across our bow. The gunner sighted. Then he drew back and his hand reached out for the electric switch which ignited the cap fuse. Aloft the lookout kept the focus of his glass shifting with the progress of the Seeker. It was a hazard of a second. A whistle rang out—the signal.

My love! I had but an instant to think. I pretended to slip clumsily. A curse echoed in my ears as the gunner, torn from the electric switch, went flat, I on top of him.

Then rapid orders rang out. The Polaric shifted to get in new range of the scudding runaway.

They were all but ready when a startling, a remarkable thing transpired. The Seeker made straight for the bow of the big cruiser. Two mammoth sheet steel doors swung open. Into the arms of the cruiser darted the Seeker. The giant gates reclosed, shutting the Seeker out of view, secure in the safety well of the mother ship.

I was landed two hours later. The officers of the Polaric viewed me grimly, recalling my timely collision with the gunner. They did not voice their suspicion, however.

It was not until after I had seen my drug consignment safe in the hands for which it was intended that, the evening before my marriage to Adele a month later in Paris, I recited the episode of the gun deck.

"Your little craft vanished beyond those stout metal gates like a child clasped by the protecting arms of a mother," I told Vice-Admiral Burtelle.

And Adele, peerless Adele, nestled into mine, loving and endeared, and proud of me, I could see, and her father's approving smile told me that he believed me worthy of her.

* * *

The chap who thinks he knows it all is an easy mark for the banko man.

Economy in Your Kitchen

Potatoes a Wholesome Food

BY MARY FULLER WEST.

POTATOES are easy to cook in a variety of ways. From the point of view of wholesomeness, there is no food which is better. They furnish starch in a readily digestible form, contain certain mineral substances of importance to the body, and—a fact less generally known—tend to make the tissues and fluids of the body alkaline, so counteracting the tendency of meat, fish, eggs and like foods that create acids in the blood.

Since the body does its work best when its condition is either neutral or slightly alkaline, potatoes, like most vegetables, perform an important part of the diet, besides furnishing the body with energy-producing material. This scientific fact justifies the custom prevalent in most families of serving potatoes or other vegetables with meat.

Greater care than is ordinarily exercised should be taken in peeling potatoes. Very often 20 per cent of the potato is pared away. The result is not only a considerable loss of potato, but also of the most valuable portions of the tuber, since the soluble mineral salts our bodies need so much are present in the material near the skin. This loss can be done away with by careful removal of the skin or by boiling or baking in the jackets after the potato has been scrubbed clean.

Practically the only loss to potatoes when baked in their skin is of the water which escapes as steam. The more or less common method of pricking holes in the skin of baked potatoes or breaking them is explained by the fact that unless the steam which is formed inside the skin escapes, it will change back to water and produce sogginess.

Use potatoes plentifully at your meals. They are healthful and at the same time cheaper than many other foods.

Baked Tomatoes.

REMOVE the core from the tomatoes and insert a small sliver of onion in its place. Place in well-greased baking pan and add ½ cup of boiling water. Bake slowly for twenty-five minutes, then dish on thin slices of corn muffin. Cover with cream sauce and garnish with finely-chopped parsley.

It Helps.

WIPE the top of the stove off after using with a damp newspaper, and you will save much time spent in blacking.

"To help make strong, keen, red-blooded Americans there is nothing in my experience which I have found so valuable as organic iron—Nuxated Iron," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. Nuxated Iron often increases the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time. It is now being used by over three million people annually, including such men as Hon. Leslie M. Shaw, formerly Secretary of the Treasury and ex-Governor of Iowa; former United States Senator and Vice-Presidential nominee, Charles A. Towne; U. S. Commissioner of Immigration Hon. Anthony Caminetti; also United States Judge G. W. Atkinson of the Court of Claims of Washington, and others. Nuxated Iron is dispensed by all good druggists everywhere.

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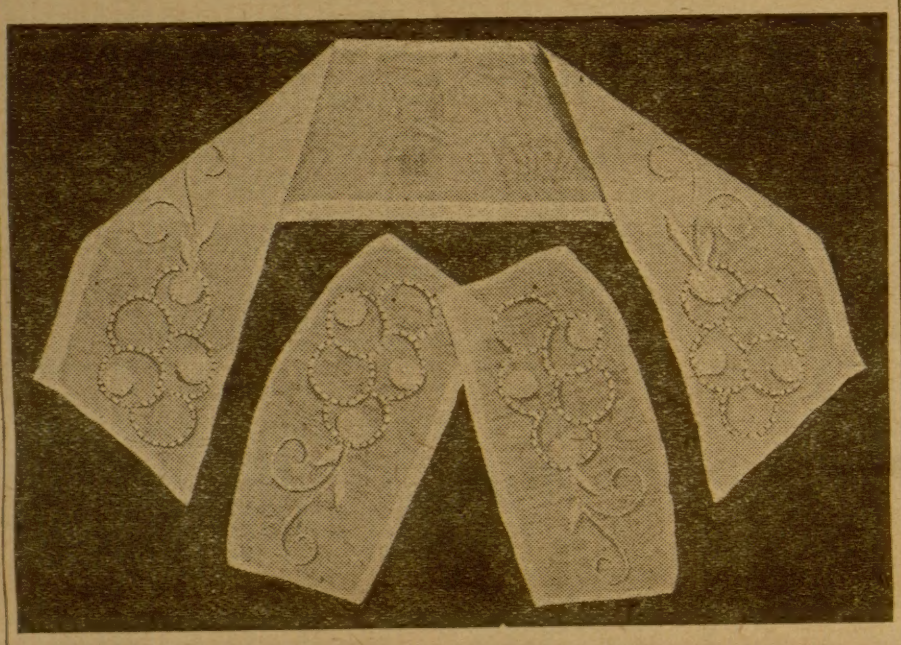
For the Needleworker

Dainty Organdy Collars and Cuffs

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.



EVERY girl, especially the business girl, knows that a dainty white collar and cuff set will transform her simple serge dress into a distinctive business gown. These dainty accessories can be laundered easily and give to the dress a variety and crispness that is refreshing and attractive.

One-half yard of organdy, 1 ball of No. 5 Perle mercerized crochet cotton and 1 skein of embroidery cotton in navy blue are the materials required for this set. If one has a fine sheer piece of lawn for lining the cuffs, the double collar and the tops of the cuffs can be cut out of a quarter of a yard of organdy 40 inches wide. The collar from point to point is 31 inches long; it then slopes down to 28 inches at the neck band, and is 4½ inches deep, cut straight across the goods. The cuffs are 10 inches wide by 5 inches deep, or slightly narrower if the material cuts best that way.

Machine stitch the pieces together first, then stamp and embroider them. This material is best washed and shrunken before making up, for then there is no chance for it to go askew when laundered.

The embroidery design is simple, and therefore pleasing. The large round circles are couched, using 4 threads of the perle cotton for the circle. Lay these threads flat and couch them down with single stitches of the blue. This is speedy work and is very effective.

Of two threads make a solid cluster of French knots, close together to form a large dot. Three of these dots are required for each end of the collar, also for each cuff. The leaves are worked solid, and graceful scrolls of outlining stitches complete the work.

If desired, this pattern may be worked in fine thread of any shade desired, or it may be padded embroidered in satin stitch with fine thread. This is vastly more work and requires an expert to make the lines even. An initial worker can do this kind of work to perfection. But altho this takes more time, the method illustrated is more effective and equally as durable.

Shawl Collar.

ONE of the most difficult fur pieces to wear is the shawl collar. It gives an unfinished look about the throat, which is decidedly trying to any but the most youthful wearers, and, unless made quite wide across the shoulders, results in a constricted, narrow look.

The shawl collar, however, is much liked by the makers and is often seen. It can be improved by wearing it close up under the chin and it looks best with a high collar underneath to relieve the bare look referred to.

The very short shoulder capes are quite new. They are smarter even than the ubiquitous stoles, tho they are by no means so good looking and practical. The long straight piece of fur is eminently practical, as it may be worn in a variety of ways. For this reason the straight stole is chosen by the woman who is limited to the one piece of fur.

Winter Comforters.

PRETTY "comforts" for winter, light and warm, may be made by covering two worn blankets with silkoline or cheesecloth and tacking together with worsted like any "puff." These "comforts" may be washed each year and kept immaculate. Old white bedspreads may be doubled and stitched together to form mattress protectors.

Cut blankets in two, find the cut edges and use the top for the bottom. Blankets and spreads which are nearly square may be used, sides for top and bottom, thus equalizing the wear. If an end of a spread wears thin, reinforce it by underfacing it with a wide piece of loosely-woven cotton.

Make Bed Linen Last.

SHEETS grow thin in the middle. Let us return to the economical practices of our grandmothers and tear them in two and turn them before they quite wear out. Stitch, with a very long stitch, narrow hems on the raw edges, overlap very slightly the selvage edges and stitch together. Do not "over and over" them as our grandmothers did; time is too precious nowadays. If the middle of a sheet is very thin or worn thru, tear it out and make a narrow sheet of a wide one. If the narrowest ones wear, make two pillow cases out of the four corners.

Make Your Own Rugs.

THE old fashioned braided or crocheted rugs our grandmothers loved to make in their leisure moments are now much used in all well furnished bungalows as well as in the most pretentious houses. They also make delightful floor coverings for bedrooms. A woman who has had foresight enough to keep a rag bag will find it a veritable treasure trove. Any material can be used to make one of these rugs, from heavy woolen to the flimsiest of cotton or silk fabrics. Old silks make beautiful rugs. Pieces of woolen dresses, old stockings and winter underflannels are useful in producing strong mats. Heavy rugs can be braided from bits of old trousers, coats, vests or blankets.

One Piece Dress.

AS WINTER approaches, the one piece dress of heavy, warm material increases in popularity. It may be dressy enough even for afternoon wear, and may be worn merely with a fur scarf and muff, or on severely cold days a coat may be slipped on over it. One of the newest materials used in the development of these one-piece dresses is checked velveteen. It is shown in a wide range of colors, and color combinations and when properly tailored it makes a very smart frock.

Don't Lose Your Buttons.

YOU may prevent losing your fancy coat buttons that cut the thread, by folding a thin piece of cloth and drawing it thru the button. Fold the ends neatly and sew together, then sew on the button as usual. Or thread a darning needle with black tape and use the same as thread.

For Cushions.

THE good parts of a discarded mattress may be used by cutting into squares, covering with cretonne or other cloth and using as chair and window seat cushions.

Handkerchief Fad.

A DAINTY handkerchief has one corner cut off and remade by a triangle of white net on which is one's monogram.

DAILY HEALTH TALKS

THE BEST WAY TO TREAT CONSTIPATION

BY S. C. BABCOCK, M. D.

The medical books name many drugs that will move the bowels. The drug store shelves are loaded down with laxatives, purgatives and pills. The trouble with most of them is the after-effects. Constipated people know that pills work all right for a little while, but they soon lose their effect, and a change has to be made to something else. The constant taking of pills results in a form of bowel inactivity that is difficult to cure. The system becomes so accustomed to laxative drugs that the organs just won't work without them, and so the pill habit becomes as bad as constipation itself. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., seems to me to have the right idea. He says the bowels should first be gently moved with Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and in the meantime laxative foods only should be eaten. Figs, prunes, olive oil, spinach, bran, vegetables and fruits are fine for constipation. Chew every bite thoroughly, eat little meat, and be as active as possible. Now, doesn't that seem sensible? Pleasant Pellets will start the bowels working right; then it is up to you to keep them right by right eating. Try Pleasant Pellets for sick headache, coated tongue, biliousness, dizziness, torpid liver or to break up a cold. They are just fine!

Dr. Pierce's Anodyne Pile Ointment soothes, cools and heals piles in a most gratifying way. Perhaps there is no other remedy for this torturing trouble that relieves so surely and quickly. Dr. Pierce believes Anodyne Pile Ointment will overcome any case that can be overcome by medical treatment. Try it right now.

Dr. Pierce's Anuric Tablets are intended for people who suffer from kidney disorders—whose backs ache, and whose systems are overrun with uric acid. Nearly everybody has too much uric acid. Anuric Tablets dissolve uric acid quickly, as they are made double strength.—Adv.

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I was badly ruptured while lifting a trunk several years ago. Doctors said my only hope of cure was an operation. Trusses did me no good. Finally I got hold of something that quickly and completely cured me. Years have passed and the rupture has never returned, although I am doing hard work as a carpenter. There was no operation, no lost time, no trouble. I have nothing to sell, but will give full information about how you may find a complete cure without operation, if you write to me, Eugene M. Pullen, Carpenter, 658E Marcellus Avenue, Manasquan, N. J. Better cut out this notice and show it to any others who are ruptured—you may save a life or at least stop the misery of rupture and the worry and danger of an operation.

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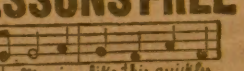

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W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, Dept. 11,
500 North Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

The Left Hand Necklace

(Continued From Page 19.)

spoke, was oddly thin and childlike.

"But why in heaven's name should he want to duplicate my sister's jewelry?"

"For another woman, with more money than brains or the know-how or whatever you want to call it," was the impassive response.

I saw the girl across the table from me push the necklace away from her, and leave it lying there in a glimmering heap on the white table. I promptly and quietly reached out and took possession of it, for I still had my own ideas of the situation.

"That's all very well," I cried, "and very interesting. But what I want to know is: Who got the first necklace?"

The big-framed man looked once more at his watch. Then he looked a little wearily at me.

"I got 'em," he said.

"You've got them?" echoed both the girl and her brother. It was plain that the events of the last hour had been a little too much for them.

The man thrust a huge hand down in the pocket of his damp and somewhat unshapely overcoat.

"Yes, I got 'em here," he explained as he drew his hand away and held the glimmering string up to the light. "I picked 'em up from the corner of that box where they slipped off the lady's neck."

He rose placidly and ponderously.

"And I guess that's about all," he added as he squinted thru an uncurtained strip of plate glass and slowly turned up his coat collar, "except that some of us outdoor guys'll sure get webfooted if this rain keeps up!"

An Old Man's Stratagem

(Continued From Page 24.)

let us continue our walk, Miss Raines," suggested Phillips.

And suddenly the girl turned on him with flashing eyes.

"You brute!" she cried. "How dare you? How dare you fight a man weaker than yourself? Go away at once! Do you hear me?" She stamped her foot like a fury.

The next moment she was kneeling at Ned's side, calling him all the endearing terms in her vocabulary. Her arms were round him, and with her skirt she began sponging away the blood that covered his face. "Forgive me, Ned," she was sobbing.

I went away then, because I realized that I had no business there. But it seems strange to me;—I had thought a woman loved strength in a man, but if Ned had beaten Phillips he would have lost her forever. It sort of upset my ideas—and at my age, one doesn't like that.

Phillips departed the next morning by early train, and I imagine he won't show his face up this way in a hurry again. Dorothy and Ned are to be married in October—and I've been asked to be best man. It's curious; I should think Ned would never want to see me again after that beating. But I suppose he considers all roads good ones that lead to Dorothy.

* * *

No Spot.

"THAT newly rich family are very pretentious. Have they a clean record?"

"They ought to have. The father was a street cleaner and the mother was a washerwoman."

Classified Want Ads

Information— The rate for one insertion in The Saturday Blade and one insertion in Chicago Ledger is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next.

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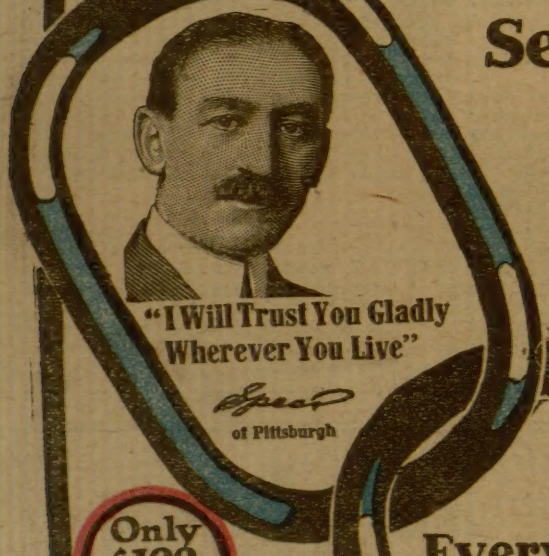

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